

FURE DIVINO

SATYR.

The First BOOK.

By the Author of the True-born-Englishman.

O Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in horris
Numina! — Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 11.



DANIEL DE FOE.

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FURE DIVINO:

A
S T Y R.

BOOK I.

INstructing *Satyr*, tune thy useful Song,
 Silence grows criminal, where Crimes grow strong;
 Of meaner Vice, and Villains sing no more,
 But Monsters Crown'd, and Crime *Enrob'd with Power*.
 At Vice's high *Imperial* Throne begin,
 And search the ancient Prodigies of Sin;
 With pregnant Phrase and strong *Imperial* Verse,
 The Crimes of Men, and Crimes of *Gods* rehearse.
 Rise, *Mighty Seraph*, from thy fancy'd Grave,
 And speak, tho' 'tis to those thou can'st not save:
 What tho' thy Labour shall to Men be vain,
 And the World's Bondage must its Time remain;
 Let willing Slaves in golden Fetters lie,
 There's none can save the Men that choose to die;
 Yet some to Voluntary Mischiefs bow,
 That fain wou'd shun their Chains, if thew knew how;
 And these from thy inspired Lines will see,
 How they chose Bondage, when might they go free.
 Thy long-lamented Silence, *Satyr*, break;
 Open thy Ancient Oracle, and speak.
 Tell us how Man, by Heav'n it self made free,
 Has an undoubted Claim to Liberty:
 The Bondage which his Nature feels within,
 Is not his Nature's *Happiness*, but *Sin*:
 And when he stoops to an unequal Force,
 It can't excuse his Guilt, but makes it worse.
 The Freedom Heaven bestow'd was given in vain,
 Unless he does the Mighty Gift maintain.

And

And when he parts with the Supreme Bequest,
 He slight the Bounty, and betrays the Trust.
 Rise, *Satyr*, tell us what's a *Willing Slave*,
 And speak, tho' 'tis to those thou can'st not save,

Speak to resisting Ages in a Strain
 Shall bring the World to *Miracles* again,
 When Reason's wond'rous Empire shall begin,
 Tyrants without shall fall like those within;
 Nation shall listen to thy mighty Word,
 When *Satyr* has their wand'ring Sense restor'd,
 And set the *Scepter* up, to rule the *Sword*.

Then tell us, *Satyr*, let thy Lines explain,
What Thing's a Tyrant; Paint th' Infernal Man.
 His Birth, his Fortune, and his Fate rehearse,
 No Limner can describe him like thy Verse;
 A Monster form'd of all the Shapes of Sin,
 Something a Man without, *all Devil within*;
 No Phrase his fable Mystry can unfold,
 His Story must be *Felt*, it can't be *Told*.

He that with Mighty *Ninus* hunts for Men,
 Can murder half the World at once, like *Cain*;
 Like *Nero*, suck the Blood that gave him Life,
 And search Eng'dring Nature with his Knife:
 Like *Dioclesian*, drink a Nation's Blood,
 Shall first condemn, and then usurp the *God*,
 That paints the Kalendar with sacred Red,
 And lifts the Innocent among the Dead;
 That blasts whole Nations with insulting Breath.
 Pleas'd with Destruction, and makes sport with Death.
 Like *England's Crook-back*, murders and entreats,
 Like *Charles the Ninth*, embraces those he hates.

He that can levy War with all Mankind,
 Can cut his Father's Throat, and sell his Friend;
 Ravish the Chast, the Sanctify'd prophane,
 Can pull down Right, and Wrong by force maintain;
 Mortgage his Faith, and Trample on his Word,
 And hew his Crown out by his Lawless Sword.
 Like *Cortex*, can an hundred-millions slay,
 Dream *Death* by Night, and finish it by Day.

With

With Pious *Peter*, *Can* of Heaven's Commands;
 Pray with his Lips, and murder with his Hands;
 Can sleep with Blood, and never start at Crime;
 And make his Mischiefs, like his Power, *Supreme*;
 Buy Justice, sell Oppression, bribe the Law;
 Exalt the Fool, and keep the Wise in awe;
 Damn all Religion, Gods and Men defy;
 These openly blaspheme, and those destroy.
 Embrace the Guilty, Innocents condemn,
 And execute without presence of Crime.
 Can sacrifice whole Nations to his Lust,
 With pleasure kill, and think that pleasure just.
 Can burn and sing, dance to the waving Flame,
 And in his Country Athes raise his Fame,
 Insult the Wretched, trample on the Poor,
 And mock the Miseries Mankind endure;
 Can ravage Countries, Property devour,
 And trample Law beneath the feet of Power.
 Scorns the restraint of Oaths, and promis'd Right,
 And ravel Compacts in the People's sight;
 With indignation scorn to reign by Rules,
 That Thing's a Tyrant, and that People Fools.
 Satyr, give briefer summons to the Skyes,
 And leat each Nation name their Deities:
 The *Russ* shall *John Basilowitz* prefer,
 And *Lombard's Charter*, too justly still'd *Severe*;
 The *Greecians* challenge *Phocus* for a God,
 And *Christian* comes from *Denmark* to the bright abode;
 And to enlarge the Roll of *Christendome*,
 Vile *Hildebrand's* derach'd from *Antichristian Rome*.
 No wonder the Infernal Roll's supply'd,
 From that high Chair that Heaven it self defy'd;
 The God of *Witch-craft*, and of *Sorcery*,
 A *Conjuring*, *Poisoning*, *Beeing* Deity.
 Prolifick *France* might people all the Skyes,
 With Villains qualify'd for Deities.
Richieu the New *Apollo* might have stood,
 But that his Wit was ming'd so with Blood:

Let him the *God of Politicks* appear,
 And influence all the Arts of Peace and War;
 Who in his Government their *Birth-day* had,
 Will both be *Witty, Bloody, Wise and Mad*;

Nor can Great *Charles the Ninth* be here forgot;
 The Skies will want a Star, if he's left out;
 He shall the *God of Hypocrites* be own'd,
 And *Janus* from his Temples be post-pon'd;
 The Birth this *Pointing Star* shall ere engage,
 Shall be the best Dissemblers of the Age;
 Like him they'll smile and kill, embrace and hate,
 And under fawning Kisses prompt your Fate;
 May Nature plant upon th' unhappy Brow,
 Some fatal Frown that Men the Wretch may know;
 That all dissembling Art can never hide,
 And Innocent may guilty Snares avoid;

Then mighty Monarchs from the *Gallick Throne*,
 For magnitude of Crimes might struggle to be shown;
 They'll all contend for Room among the Stars,
 And jostle one another from the Spheres;
 In equal Vileness their high Names excell,
 And in superior Crimes, too black for Hell;
 But by consent they all at once give way,
 And let Immortal *Lewis* come in play.

His Ancestor, whom *Mony* made a Saint,
 And Legends full of Lyds his Glories paint,
 Shall willingly his Lustre all resign,
 To help th' exalted Wretch in Orbs to shine:
 See the New-growing Constellation rise,
 And with a Train of Tyrants mount the Skies:
 The Ancestors of his immortal Crimes,
 Blazon'd for Heroes by the flattering Rhimes
 Of antiquated Poesy; but now
 Sunk down below our Praises, and below
 The Dignity of high immortal Verse;
 We mightier Deeds in mightier Lines rehearse.

Behold the Mighty Thunderer, and know
 the *Azure-Arch* can no such Hero show;

The

The Great, th' *Invincible*, are Names too small,
To write his Fame in Letters Capital;
A God's the only Title can explain,
And suit the *Mighty*, the *Immortal Man*.

Great *Jove* shall vail his Lesser Majesty,
And to his rising Godship now give way;
His forked Lightning he must now resign,
The Title may be His, the Thunder's Thine;
Witness the ravag'd *Belgia*, and the plunder'd *Rhine*.

If Seas of Blood and mighty Numbers slain,
If Nations long oppress'd, if cries of Men;
If Devastation, Cruelty and Death,
And blasting Nations with Tyrannick Breath;
If flaming Towns, if ravish'd Virtues lies,
As steps to mount a Monarch to the Skies;
Lewis to reign above the Gods may claim,
And *Jove* resigns his Thunder and his Name.

Satyr, look back, and search the World a while,
And find a Patron-God for *Albion's* Isle;
Britannia must not all alone remain,
Witout one *Star* in the Celestial Train:
Has she so many Tyrants born in vain.

Heaven knows, the difficulty only lies;
In who's the fittest Monster for the Skies:
Satyr, reflect with Care, due Caution give,
Some——are dead, beware of those Alive.
If thou too near the present Age begin,
Truth will be Crime, and Courage will be Sin,
The mighty Gods of Vice thou'lt paint in vain,
Unless thou think of some of those remain.

Adjourn the easy Task, and let us see
Among the Sons of Crime to find an *English Deity*;
Let him be one that has enjoy'd the Crown;
That all the rest may his Advancement own.
What tho' Great *Rocheſter* is left below,
And thou *Apollo's* Seat on *Richieu* didst bestow;
Let him be *Pan*, whom *Shepherd-Swain* adores,
And all the *Shepherdesses* be his Whores.

His Royal Mastet best becomes the Place,
 The old Priapus Glory to Deface;
 Yet have a care, lest Female-Gods be spoil'd,
 For he'll get all the Goddeses with Child;
 His furious Lust will Dignity despise,
 And spread his viler Image thro' the Skies.
 Let him be God of all Unchaste Desires,
 Where e're he Rules the Blood, the Blood he fires;
 He that's in this unhappy Crisis got,
Castrate him young, before his Brain's too hot.

Satyr, thy Country's Glories now pursue,
 If other Lands have one, let thine have two;
 Step back two Ages, and exalt on High,
 Great J——the *Modern Bacchus* of the Sky;
 But give him time before his Ghost appear,
 Lest his uneasy Fame bewray his Fear.
 Let him be Patron of the Timorous Race,
 Fear in the Head, and Frenzy in the Face;
 His Constellation, where it's felt Beneath,
 Will make Men strive to dye for fear of death.
 See how we worship in this House of Sin,
 His Exaltation with his Crimes begin:
 Aloft we view the *Bacchanalian King*,
 Below the Sacred Anthems daily sing,
 His vast Excess the Pencil art displays,
 And triumphs in the Clouds above our Praise;
 What can with equal Force Devotion move,
 We pray below, and he's debauch'd above;
 The drunk'n Monarch all our Prayers defys,
 And boldly revels in th' Exalted Skys.
Satyr, thy Justice cannot well deny,
 I' exalt him here, that's there set up so high:
 Art had thy Verse anticipated there,
 And God-like plac'd the Monarch in the Air.

Satyr, go back no further, leave a space,
 For future Heroes of Sublimier Race;
 Content thy self with these, let all Men try,
 To find out such another *Galaxy*.

These

These shall thy Class of Modern Gods compleat,
 And these alone enjoy the shining Seat,
 Too vile for Heaven, and for the World too great.
 If any ask thee what High Place remains,
 And what bright Orb thy William's Stars contains,
 Tell 'em, that he who pull'd down Tyrants here,
 Proclaims Eternal Wars against them there,
 And lives an Age's Voyage beyond the Line,
 There He's a God indeed, for th' Heavenly Face,
 Gives high similitude to the Immortal Race,
 There he possesses Infinite, Compleat,
 Whom here he could no more than limitate,
 A Guard of Glorious Light form'd his Ascent,
 And wond'ring ador'd him as he went:
 The Planetary Gods Eclips'd and fled,
 Resign'd their Light, and vail'd their guilty Head,
 Superiour Glory lightn'd all the way,
 With Beams shot out from everlasting Day,
 Harmonious Musick forms in Choirs of Love,
 From the Immortal Symphony above,
 In charming Measures all his Actions sung,
 And with Seraphic Anthem mov'd along.
 Thus William went, I saw the Saint ascend,
 And Sympatherick Joy did Optick Power extend:
 I saw th' Exalted Heroe at the Gate,
 My Soul went up with him, 'tis hardly come back yet.
 Wonder no more, new Raptures fire my Pen,
 When William's Name I chance to write, and when
 I search the Lustre of his Memory,
 The best of Monarchs, and of Men to me.

10 JAN 60

The End of the First BOOK.

Note: The 12 Books of Jure Divino, sold at first for 12 Shill. afterwar
 at 5 Shill. will now be constantly publish'd in single Half-sheets at the pr
 of a Half-penny, till the whole Book is compleated, and then stich'd all
 gerher at the Price of Six Pence.

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The Second BOOK.

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(1)
JURE DIVINO:



SATYR.

SATYR descend, thy just Resentment show,
From Gods above, describe the Gods below.
Yet let thy just Respect to Crowns be shown,
The Monarchs, not the Monarchy disown.
For Government might first from Heaven appear,
But Governours came from the Lord knows where.
Sacred the high Original may be,
But how convey'd to long Posterity;
There the yet unsurmounted Scruple lies,
Choak'd with the Throng of vast absurdities;
If to the mighty Parallel we go,
What vast discording parts appear below,
Succeeding Monarchs' Sons of Time and Fate,
Derive no Line from Patriarchal State.
The first Majestick Father of Mankind,
That e'er by Primogenial Title Reign'd.
What Marks of Modern Tyrants could he show?
And where's the Streams of Blood that ran below.
Had he his Infant Power set up by force,
His very Sons would have Rebell'd in course
In Crowns or Families the Course of things,
The same Effects from the same Causes brings
All things in Nature's proper Channel run,
The Tyrant Father makes the Rebel Son.
Then view the small extent of Native Power,
And how unqualify'd their Subjects to devour.
Small was the Bond of his Imperial State,
Confin'd within his own Paternal Gate.

The Dignity of Government was high,
 At all his Kingdom was his Family.
 To regulate the decencies of Life,
 The Monarch rul'd his Household and his Wife,
 By just descent his narrow Rule went on,
 And Government descended to his Son.
 In the Paternal Right no Man could reign,
 Further then his own Household did contain,
 And every Son might from his Rule divide,
 The King himself, and by himself decide.
 Families united by consent,
 There we come back to Laws of Government,
 Compact and mutual Treaties of accord,
 Between a willing People and their Lord,
 But since this Doctrine frights our Men of Power,
 And leaves no room their Neighbours to devour,
 But lays Foundations of abhorr'd dispute,
 Rebellions, Revolutions, God knows what,
 Subjects the Crown to barbarous things call'd Rules,
 And Liberty that Bait for free-born Fools,
 Let us the Patriarchal Scheme display,
 While Nature in her Infant-Cradle lay.
 Wise Providence that all Events fore-knew,
 Directs the World their Safety to pursue,
 While in the Infant Ages of the kind,
 Nature to first Paternal Rule confin'd,
 But as to wider Regions Nations spread,
 And weaker Numbers make the Great their Head.
 Eternal feuds the petty Lords invade,
 To Lust and Crime, by Lust and Crime betray'd,
 Necessity Confederate Heads directs,
 And Power united, Power expos'd protects.
 Safety with Right and Property combines,
 And thus Necessity with Nature joyns,
 And here's the *Jus Divinum* truly found,
 Confederate Heads with Sacred Titles Crown'd.
 For Safety and the general welfare joyn,
 And make the Laws of Government Divine,
 With Right Divine they Consecrate the Throne,
 By Choice convey what was by Birth their own.
 The Publick Safety first directs the Choice,
 And Patriarchal Suffrage joyns Diviner Voice.

When *Israel* with unheard of murmurs first,
 Pray'd to unwilling Heaven they might be Curst;
 Rejected God, and scorn'd the Almighty Rule,
 And made themselves their Children's Redicule.
 Th' eternal Banter, future Ages Jest,
 And damn'd to Slav'ry at *their own Request*.
 How did just Heaven the mad Demand receive,
 How with their Wild deluded Reason strive.
 With what just Arguments did *Samuel* plead,
 Give 'em the Tyrants Character to read.
 Explain'd the Lust of an ungovern'd *Man*,
 Show'd 'em the Danger, Preach'd to them *in vain*.
 Told 'em the wretched things they'd quickly find,
 Within the pleasing Name of King contain'd.
 With their bewilder'd Crowds expostulate.
 And open'd all the Dangers of their Fate.
 The Text is plain, Heaven the Design abhorr'd,
 (a) And left his high dislike upon Record,
 Not that he does the Name of King disclaim,
 The *Mischief's* in the Man, and not the Name.
 But his just Anger plainly he exprest,
 Against the madness of their wild request.
 They were a *Monarchy*, himself their King,
 Free from the mischiefs, yet enjoy'd the thing,
 Govern'd by him their Freedom they pursu'd,
 He fought their Battles, and their Foes subdu'd.
 But glutted with the freedom of their Fate,
 They bought their Ruin, to exalt their State.
 Sought their Destruction with unwearied Pains,
 And begg'd for Fetters, Slav'ry and Chains.
 But Heaven, *say we*, thought fit his Prayer to hear,
 Himself chose out the King, and plac'd him there.
 Disown'd the Pop'lar Right, and fixt the Choice,
 In Providence, and not the People's Voice.
 From whence the Claim of Right by Regal Line,
 Made *Israel's* Kings, be King's by *Right Divine*.
 'T own'd if every Almighty Power thinks fit
 To choose a King, the People must submit,
 His Sovereign Power has an undoubted right,
 And he has made the World to govern it.
 And he that has the right of Government,
 Can give a right by his Divine Assent.

By Proxy may the Kingdom execute,
 For if he may Command, he may Depute.
 Then Saul was King, by Heaven's immediate Hand,
 But 'twas in Judgment to afflict the Land.
 To have his Anger plainly understood,
 And Samuel's black Predictions to make good.
 In granting he corrected the Request,
 Gave them the Man, but he with-held the rest.
 He gave what they pretended to require,
 But in the Gift he punish'd the desire,
 He gave a Plague, the very self-same thing
 They ask'd, when they petition'd for a King.
 For 'tis remarkable, when Samuel saw,
 They'd have a King in spite of Sence and Law.
 He drew the Picture of a Monster Crown'd,
 Ask'd them, if such a Villain cou'd be found,
 Whether they'd like him and their Tribute bring?
 They answer yes, let such a one be King.
 And is a Tyrans King your early Choice,
 Be Kings your Plagues, said the Eternal Voice.
 And with a mighty Curse he gave the Crown.
 And Saul to Israel's Terror mounts the Throne.
 Satyr, the Parallel with Caution bring,
 On what Conditions was this Man a King?
 Tho' Heaven declar'd him, Heaven it self set down,
 The Sacred Postulata of the Crown.
 Samuel examin'd first the high Record,
 Then Dedicates the Substance to the Lord.
 This is the Coronation Oath, the Bond.
 The Steps on which the Throne and Kingdom stand,
 Which when the future Kings unjustly broke,
 God and the People juster vengeance took.
 Then mark the needful steps to make him King,
 How Sacred ends concurring means must bring.
 Not Samuel's Oyntment, nor the mighty Lot,
 Could make him King, or hew his Title out.
 They saw no worth, in his Mechanick Race,
 No Lines of Government in his too youthful Face.
 The bashful Boy for Crown and Power unfit,
 As loath to Rule as they were to Submit.
 Declin'd the Gaudy Trifle call'd a Crown.
 And loth to change the Sable for a Throne.

Backward the weighty load to undergo,
 The wisest Action ever Saul could do.
 Is this the Monarch shall our Foes destroy,
 Does Heaven design to Rule us with a Boy?
 The flouting Rabbits cry, we scorn to own
 A Man that has no Merit for a Crown;
 Give us a better King, or give us none.
 Is this the Tyrant whom you bid us fear?
 Is that young Cowardly Boy to Govern here?
 Is he the Man shall Judah's Scepter sway?
 And are we mad enough, & ye think t' obey;
 Our King must lead the Glorious Tribes to fight,
 And chase the Thousands of the Ammonites,
 From Israel's Chains release her and defy,
 The mighty Chariots of the Enemy.
 His Personal Valour must our Triumphs bring,
 'Tis such a Man we want, and such a King.
 Away they go, reject his Government,
 Nor Heaven's high Choice could force their due consent,
 Samuel submits, adjourns the strong Debate,
 Suspends the King, he offer'd to Create,
 Owns their dislike a high material Thing,
 And without their consent, he never cou'd be King,
 Nor wou'd even God himself the thing deny,
 Nay Heaven the Scruple seems to justify.
 Nature was here oppos'd to Providence,
 And Duty seem'd to bowe the Rules of Sense.
 Almighty Power declar'd it worth his while,
 By Miracle the Cause to reconcile.
 Why did he not his high distaste express,
 Resent the slight, and punish their excess.
 Extort Obedience by express Command,
 And Crown his Choice by his immediate Hand,
 Destroy the Rebels with his blasting Breath,
 And punish early Treason with their death.
 With mighty Thunders his new King Proclaim,
 And force the trembling Tribes to do the same.
 Because he knew it was the Course of things,
 And Nature's Law, that Men should choose their Kings.
 He knew the early dictate was his own.
 And Reason acted from himself alone.
 'Tis just (says the Almighty Power and Sense,
 For Actions are the Words of Providence.

The Mouth of Consequences speak aloud,
 And Nature's Language is the Voice of God.
 As just says he, the People should be shewn,
 The Man that wears it can deserve the Crown;
 Merit will make my Choice appear so just,
 They'll own him fit for the intended Trust.
 Confirm by Reason my exalted Choice,
 And make him King by all the Peoples Voice.
 Let Ammon's Troops my People's Tents invade,
 And Israel's trembling Sons to fear betray'd.
 Fly from the advancing Legions in the fright,
 Till Jabesh Walls embrace the Ammonite.
 All spirit Saul, and arm his Soul for War,
 The Boy they scorn shall in the Field appear.
 All teach the unexperienc'd youth to fight,
 And flesh him with the slaughter'd Ammonite.
 The General Suffrage then he'll justly have,
 To Rule the People, he knows how to save.
 Their Willing Voices, all the Tribes would bring,
 And make my chosen Heroe be their King.
 Great God! how Glorious are the Works of Fate?
 And how prepar'd for us to wonder at?
 O immortal Harmony of Providence,
 What Musick is it to the enlighten'd Sense!
 By which Almighty Light is pleas'd to show
 The strange Connexion secret matters know;
 Between the things above, and things below.
 He speaks, and all the high events obey,
 The mighty Voice of Nature leads the way.
 Convincing Reason conquers willing sense,
 And Heaven's decrees comes out in Consequence.
 The Troops of (a) Ammon Israel's Tents invade,
 His mighty fighting Sons to fear betray'd.
 Fly from the advancing Squadrons in the Fright,
 Till Jabesh Walls embrace the Ammonite.
 Saul Rouses, (b) God has arm'd his Soul for War,
 The Boy they scorn'd does in the Field appear.

(a) 1 Sam. 11. Then Nabash the Ammonite came up, and Encamp'd against Jabesh-Gilead; Here was a Siege and Capitulation, upon base and dishonourable Terms, if they were not Relieved in 7 Days.

(b) Now the designs of God in his Providence were ripened for his execution, Saul Rouses. 1 Sam. 11. 6. The Spirit of God came upon Saul

Saul when he heard these Tidings, i. e. the Errand of the Messengers of
 Jabel, and his Anger was kindled greatly. God had arm'd his Soul for
 War; and immediately he sent that famous Message about the Yoke of Ox-
 en, to signify that the Defence of their Country from the Invasion of
 their Enemies, was of much more signification to them than their Farm
 and Lands; which if the Ammonites should Conquer, their Oxen would
 soon be a Prey, -- And the Consequence is plain, God work'd by his Secre-
 invisible Influence on the People. v. 7. *The fear of the Lord fell on the
 People, and they came with one Consent.*

*His Personal merit, now bespeaks the Crown,
 He wins his Enemys and wears his own.
 The willing Tribes their purchas'd Suffrage bring,
 And universal Voice Proclaim the King.
 As if Heaven's Call had been before in vain,
 Saul from this proper Minute dates his Reign.
 The Text is plain, and proper to the thing,
 Not God; But all the (c) People made him King.
 Satyr, submit to humane Censure here,
 And for the Party's Banter now prepare.
 For what hast thou to do with Texts and Rules,
 Fancies to wheedle Boys, and manage Fools.
 Pretend no more to keep Mankind in awe,
 Immortal Custom's Seniour to the Law.
 All Men against the Scripture will protest,
 Tradition's Sacred now; the Book a Jest.
 Satyr, New Troops of Argument prepare,
 To Custom now, and History repair.
 Speak to the Ears of Wise Experience,
 And Tax them with the plainer Consequence.
 Reason will to thy juster Cause submit,
 Let Fools and Knaves alone to own the Cheat.
 Reason and Nature are thy voucher here,
 Custom and History alike concur.
 Kings tho' by Art they raise themselves too high,
 Receive from those they rule their Majesty.
 The free Subjection of a willing Land,
 Creates the only Title to Command.
 The mighty Suffrage Right at first procur'd,
 The rest is all extorick and absurd.*

10 JA 60

(c) 1 Sam. 11. 17. And all the People went to Gilgal, and there
 THEY made Saul King before the Lord; that is, THEY the People,
 for God had nominated him to the Crown before; but THEY made him
 King, that is accepted him.

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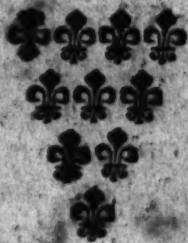
F U R E D I V I N O :

A
S A T Y R .

The Third B O O K .

By the Author of the True-born Englishman.

Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis.
Numina! — Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 11.



L O N D O N :

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Printed by P. Hills in Black-fryars.

J U R E D I V I N O :

S A T Y R.



W E R E I permitted to Inspect the Rolls,
 The Sacred Archieves hid beyond the Pole
 Had I a Title, cou'd I make pretence,
 To search the awful Books of Providence ;
 Cou'd I the hidden acts of Fate Revise,
 And see the ancient Sybills of the Skies ;
 The Chain of Causes cou'd I but display,
 And see how Consequences there obey ;
 Discover mighty Works of Majesty,
 And know not only what he does, but why.

This should be first of all that I'd enquire,
 And this the utmost Bounds of my Desire,
 Why Heaven permits the worst of Men to Rule,
 And binds the Wise Man to obey the Fool ?

Why he gives Power to Princes to destroy,
 And waste the pleasant World they should enjoy :
 Why Fame bestows her ill-deserv'd Applause,
 Where Violence Triumphs on Nature's Laws :
 Where Justice feels th' oppressive Load of Might,
 And Usurpation sets her Foot on Right ;
 And he that's mightiest grown in Lust and Blood,
 Scorns humane Praise, and claims to Rule from God.

Why Heaven provok'd with Insults and with Pride
 Lets Haughty Vice the Spoils of Heaven divide ;
 And the Rewards of Vertues are possess'd,
 By him that sinks the Man to raise the Beast.

Why private Miracles concern'd for Blood,
 And secret Murthers are by Heaven pursu'd :

Nature's the Wars, and all the Brutes Combine,
 Mix their Vengeance with the Wrath Divine;
 Secret Horror of the bloody Fact,
 Hunts the Malefactor to detect;
 Guilty Trembling Hand, the Flat'ring Tongue,
 Carries the Vengeance of his Crimes along;
 wand'ring Steps the wish'd for Flight refuse,
 make the Guilty Wretch himself accuse;
 Conscience the hated Secret will betray,
 make himself the Debt to Justice pay.
 When the Punishment the Laws defer,
 make himself the Executioner;
 y shou'd just Heaven pursue the junior Crime,
 leave exalted Criminals to time.
 Princes guided by the Gust of Power,
 their ambitious Heat the World devour.
 They that have Nations in their Lust destroy'd,
 strove to make the whole Creation void;
 at Sacrifice whole Kingdoms to their Pride,
 wel in Blood, and Nature's Spoils divide;
 e with Impunity in Peace remain,
 if Heav'n seems so far to command in vain.
 Conquest uncontroll'd they Tyrannize,
 Seas of Blood can scarce their thirst suffice,
 true and Innocence resist in vain,
 whole Nations Groan, and injur'd Lands Complain;
 e dying Breath of Millions Vengeance calls,
 d Crys of Orphans scale the Heavenly Walls.
 deaf and unconcern'd he Neut'ral stands,
 to th' expecting Eyes, uplifted Hands.
 God. if he'd bid them not look up to him,
 Pride. r'd the Vengeance back again to them.
 their own proper Business: Let them know,
 it's their own Duty he expects they'll do:
 ave them reason to direct the State,
 Power that Rules of Power might Create;
 plac'd it as the Sovereign Test of Law,
 this must drive, where that no more will draw:

If that erects a Government and Throne;
 This must, when it encroaches, pull it down;
 Heaven made no King, 'twas our own Act and Deed
 Heaven pulls none down—'Tis otherwise decreed:
 When he at last to plague the Restive Tribes,
 Consent to give a King—The *Text* describes;
 The groaning People, by those Kings oppress'd,
 Looking in vain to him for Liberty and Rest.

Till mov'd by just Complaints, he let them see,
 The Work's their own, their Reason set them free,
 And Reason calls to use their Liberty.

He only clear'd their long incumber'd Sight,
 Opened their Senses to their Native Right;
 Taught them wherein Obedience did consist,
 Wherein they must obey, and when resist.

Satyr, Recover from the Mists of Doubt,
 And let thy Reason search the Matter out:
 Let no false Scruples in thy Breast arise,
 For he ne'er will think, will ne'er be wise;
 Reason's the Oracle, and there enquire,
 We find no need to trace the Causes higher.

Would you know why the injur'd Nation groan,
 Why King by strong by Oppression mount a Throne
 And why they prosper in them when they've done?
 Why Kings condemn the Slavery of Rules;
 And rob Mankind,—Because Mankind are Fools;
 Wheedl'd to act against their Common Sense,
 And jumble Tyranny with Providence?
 For what they ought to do, look up to him,
 Expect from Heaven what he expects from them;
 Lift up the Hands they should employ below,
 And not perform the Duties which they know;
 Reason wou'd tell them what they ought to do,
 Wou'd Men its mighty Dictates but pursue.

' Reason's the sovereign Guide of Humane thing
 ' Which leads the Subject, and commands their King
 ' The Pole-star and the Pilot of Mankind,
 ' The Soul of Sense, and Optick of the Mind.

the solid Base of Order and Delight;
 City of Innocence and Guard of Right.
 Deed Satyr, Thy Sense of Government explain,
 Without just Laws our Freedoms to maintain,
 Power's a jest, and Government's in vain.
 But who must latent Power of Law supply
 And fill the Ispaces of Authority;
 Restore good Rules, and all the bad Restrain,
 Support the Crown, and yet controul the Man?
 Shall they that are to Rule, that Rule direct,
 And choose the Rules that shall themselves detect?
 Will this the End of Government pursue,
 When he's both King and Legislator too?
 Such Laws will never fail to be in vain,
 When he's to make 'em who they should restrain;
 Such Kings are absolute, and when they please,
 May cancel Justice, and the Laws dismiss;
 This wou'd invert the Order of the thing,
 Set up the Tyrant, and pull down the King.

The Laws of Government were stamp'd on high,
 Came down from Heaven for Men to manage by,
 And bear the Image of Divine Authority. }
 The Characters are Capital and Plain,
 Printed by Nature on the Mind of Man:
 Which all the malice of the Passive Race,
 Can never quite blot out, nor much deface.
 Laws are th' Immortal Springs of Government,
 The high Original from Heaven was sent:
 Fix'd in the Minds of Men, from thence they flow,
 And from the Order of the World below,
 Nature the high Intention will explain,
 And Instinct shews the Model of the Man;
 For Government's the Life-blood of the State,
 Subordinate to these is Magistrate;
 Subordinate, because in Power confin'd,
 For means are all subservient to their End.
 To set the Magistrate above the Law,
 Wou'd all to hurries and confusion draw:

Diffolves the Constitution of the Skies;
And quite unhinges Possibilities.

For where's the Notion of a Diety,
Supremely Great and Good, Supremely High,
Unmixtly pure Effential Sanctity?

How can the make it correspond with Vice,
And fix the Harmony 'twixt Truth and Lies?
Can they make Fire and Water correspond,
Couple the *Poles*, measure the Pathless round;
Unite the Bond of Nature and explain,
The hidden fluxes of the fluid Main?

Can the two great ends of Nature twine;
And Generation to Corruption joyn?
The Locomative Faculty Describe,
And reconcile the Story of the Rib;
When they can these, and such as these Dissect,
Then *Satyr*, let them Solve what we Object;
How the Immortal Justice can invade,
And Ruin the Creation he has made;
Combine with Tyrants, and with Beasts engage,
And Sanctify the Monsters of the Age.

If Kings may Ravish, Plunder and destroy,
Oppress the World, and all their Wealth enjoy;
May harraß Nations, with their Breath may kill,
And limit humane Life by humane Will;
Then Nations were for Misery prepar'd,
And God gave Kings the World for their Reward;
Kings were the General Farmers of the Land,
Mankind the Cattle, made for their Command;
Meer Beasts of Burthen, Couchant and Suppress,
Whom God, the mighty Landlord made in jest;
Deliver'd with Possession of the Farm,
And he that quite destroys them does no harm;
They're only bound by tenour of the Lease,
To leave it Peopl'd at their own Decease,

Had it been Vertue which disturb'd the Mind,
Was Blood and Theft adapted to the kind.

If no Man then may his own Life destroy;
 What Heaven gives, it binds him to enjoy.
 'Tis plain, from hence, it never can be just,
 That what he mayn't destroy, another must;
 And still as clear the meaning must extend,
 That which he mayn't destroy, he must defend:
 He's damn'd without Retrieve, if he lets go,
 The Reins of Life, and Nature tells him how,
 With Hands and Tongue he should his Life maintain;
 Or else his Hands and Tongue are given in vain;
 Self-murder's punish'd by the forc'd Event,
 He can't be pardon'd, cause he can't repent:
 The high Offence so many Laws offends.
 Beyond the Place of Mercy it extends:
 Since the increasing Crime it ne'er compleat,
 Till Death must Penitence anticipate;
 And 'tis but just to suffer this Offence,
 That's worse in Crime, be worst in Consequence.
 Nature's just Argument from this is plain,
 That if he must the Gift of Life maintain,
 With equal care he's bound to the Defence,
 From Foreign or Domestick Violence:
 Can't be just that Heav'n shou'd e're intend,
 We shou'd our Selves against our selves defend:
 And then to let another Hand procure,
 The Mischiefs we're forbidden to indure:
 This Consequence for ever will be true,
 He must not suffer what he must not do:
 And 'tis as Nat'ral still, and full as just,
 That what he must not bear, he may resist.
 Reason from these just Consequence draws,
 The first Necessity of Human Laws.
 Laws were for Common Safety first design'd,
 To help Men this High Trust of Life defend;
 Injust Encroachments calmly to restrain,
 That What we may Defend, we may Maintain;
 And Laws in Form, and Figure wisely sent,
 This is the mighty thing call'd GOVERNMENT.

Explain the Terms of just Authority;
 And search the Sacred Right of Majesty:
 Greatness, as by the Moderns understood,
 Respects the wicked Princes not the Good.

Kings that by Law and Justice rules the Lands;
Have Heaven's high Name impress on their Commands:
 For Right derives it self from the *Most High*,
 And is the Test of all Authority;
 He that resists and dares to disobey,
 Insults his Maker, and demand to die:

If either part this Order disobey,
 That Breach the Constitution must betray;
 The Obligations equally Divine,
 And both concur in the Supreme Design;
 Justice and Peace the mighty Thing explain,
 This is what when we talk of *Laws*, we mean,
 And what both *King* and *Subject* do maintain.
 Both must the safe Deposit guard and see,
 'Tis left uninjur'd to Posterity:
 Justice is thus to Peace the only way,
 People must Kings, as Kings the Laws obey:
 If either side the high Engagement break,
 Reason directs the Course the rest may take.
 'Tis plain that Right and Peace must be secur'd,
 If once they happen to be overpower'd;
 Order of Government of Course expires,
 And GOD himself from such a Place retires.

People in vain to him for Succour cry,
 He never saves the Man that seeks to die;
 They that resolve their Liberty to lose,
 Heaven is too just that Freedom to refuse,
 But lets them have the *Slav'ry* which they choose.
 Till reason opens their deluded Eyes,
 Blinded with Notions and Absurdities;
 Instructs them in the Rules of Providence,
 And guides the Natures Laws to Self-defence.
 Then Heaven returns, its needful aid affords,
 And with its Blessing consecrates their Swords.

The End of the Third BOOK.

10 JACO

JURE DIVINO:
A
SATYR.

By the Author of the True-Born Englishman.

BOOK IV.



London: Printed by P. Hills in Black-Fryars.

JUR E^{BRITAN} DIVINO:

A SATYR  against *Passive Obedience*
And *Non-resistance*.

Book IV.

SATYR, to Parent Custom now repair,
And search the ancient Laws of Nations the
Usage beyond the Memory of time,
And long Prescription Naturalizes Crime;
Custom Legitimizes a Nation's Shame,
Serves for a Law, and *sometimes gains the Name*.

Custom's the long Tradition handed down,
From ancient erring Nations to our own;
Antiquity's its only proper Plea,
And long forgotten Ages raise its high Authority.

This weak Support, this wandering empty Cloud
Puffs the Crown'd Wretch, and helps to make him proud
Perswades him to believe it must be true,
The Homage Fools have paid, become his due;
A Debt to Custom, and by Custom draw,
The willing Ages to believe 'tis Law.

Custom's the ancient usage of Mankind,
Custom may guide, but never ought to Blind;
Because the Nature of the thing conveys,
New Light, and by its self directs our Eyes.

Custom supplies Deficiencies of Law,
And may our voluntary Homage draw;
But where the Laws of Nature are so plain,
Custom's Impertinent, Tradition's vain;
'Tis needless to refer to Ages past,
Where Nature's ready to direct the last;
Antiquity's a mean and empty Proof,
Where Reason dictates, we have Laws enough.

Cul

Custom's the Bastard of Antiquity,
 Light that Error cozens Cocks-combs by,
 Juggling Fraud has plagu'd Religion long,
 A double Face, with loose and stammering Tongue,
 Tossing Fragments on from Age to Age,
 The humane Doctrines with Divine engage;
 Sailing there, it creeps into the State,
 Shapes the Law to cheat the Magistrate.
 No Rules, no Nat'ral Dictates it obeys,
 Chiefly ancient Errors it conveys;
 Modern Encroachments on our Vertue makes,
 And backs it with our Fathers old Mistakes;
 If our Rev'rence to their Ashes due,
 Should recommend their Crimes and Follies too:
 To make us like some Modern Rakes appear,
 Who will be damn'd because their Fathers were.
 Besides, this Weapon's of too weak a Birth,
 Its Exhalations low, and near the Earth;
 Custom's a weak, absurd, and empty thing,
 So much below the Dignity of King;
 Conduc'd to the deep contriv'd design,
 Building Regal Power on Right Divine;
 If the Sacred Race from Heaven came down,
 What need of Custom to support a Crown?
 What high Descent would all so plain appear,
 And been no need of such *Enigma's* here.
 Of all Pretences Mankind cou'd invent,
 Custom's the widest from the high intent:
 Long Originals to all Men known,
 Born of the Mob, and in the Crowd begun:
 Custom's the ancient usage of a Nation,
 Conduc'd to Rolling times for Imitation;
 Prov'd by Craft in Errors Publick Schools,
 Upheld in by Knaves, and then maintain'd by Fools:
 The Practice of the People made the Name,
 Practices and Customs are the same;
 Whence Prolifick Vice this Maxim takes,
 Crime one Age commits, no Age forsakes.

And yet this Het'rogeneous Ill-born thing,
Fails in the Point, fails to support the King;
Custom falls off from the weak-grounded Cause,
 And baulks the Tyrant to *restore the Laws*;
 It can't concur to make the Reason void,
The Sense of Nations has the Fraud destroy'd:
 Kings have indeed from the beginning strove
 To propagate the Crime that all Men love;
 'T has been *their Custom* to insult Mankind,
 And Tyranny *was always in their Mind*;
 Mankind was always with this Temper curst,
 That all Men wou'd be Tyrants *if they durst*;
Custom has always taught the Kings to ride,
 Oppress the Subject to support *their Pride*;
 But People *always* have oppos'd the Cheat,
It never was their Custom to submit;
Custom, this one unhappy Truth will tell,
 When Kings grew Tyrants, *Subjects would rebel*:
 'Twas *always so*, and Monarchs strive in vain,
 Nature to Time's Decease will the just Rule maintain
It must be thus, Heav'n so design'd the Thing,
The Tyrant's inconsistent with the King;
 The People may, *Custom* gives her Assent,
 Dethrone the Man to save the Government:
 The Laws to their own Channel *may restore*,
 And still the Crown's *as Sacred as before*.

Satyr, with Indignation let's Review
Their Custom, who believe this Doctrine True;
 Of all the Nation in the Universe,
 None preach it more, and none observe it less.

If Godship must attend on Majesty,
This Nation's Damn'd down to the Tenth Degree;
 From Forty One, to this unhappy Time,
 We're all debauch'd with this Paternal Crime;
 By Turns have all the fatal Fault embrac'd,
 By Turns *Rebell'd*, and Monarchy by Turns Defac'd;
 Heav'n's High Vicegerent twice *revers'd* by Force,
 Once *Sword in Hand*, and once a way that's worse

to make out all the Articles of Trust,
 and tell the World that either way *'twas just*;
 The Unbelieving Crowd the Father slew,
 The Church the Son, and yet *believ'd it true*;
 And *swar'd him Sacred* blind Allegiance swore,
 And *hang'd the Whigs* for killing Kings before:
 Heaven must such Infidelity detest,
Else the Crown's Divinity's a Jest.

Posterity, when Histories relate
 This Passive Sham, will ask, *What Monster's that?*
 What inconsistent, indigested Thing,
 Which *mocks the Subject first*, and then the King;
 The *Ignis Fatuus* of obedient Slaves,
 Who promise *in the Gross*, perform'd *By-halves*;
 The *Dream of Contradictive Loyalty*,
 Which makes Men *suffer first*, and then obey;
 The *Jest of Subjects*, and the Snare of Kings,
 Which these to *Rebels*, those to *Ruin* brings.

And when succeeding Ages shall retire,
 And of our High Performances enquire;
 When they shall see *the Sacred Mask* thrown by,
 The People arm'd against the Monarchy;
 The Oaths the Doctrine, *and the Men* forgot,
 And *Non-resistance* die upon the Spot;
 The Passive Swearing Clergy up in Arms,
 Defending *Glebe*, and *Dean and Chapter Farms*;
 Their Liberty and Property protect,
 And Loyalty and *Fourty Oaths* reject.

The'll Blush, and search the Registers of Time,
 In hopes to *shift the Race off* with the Crime;
 With forc'd Regret they'll own the unhapy Breed,
 That such a Race of Coxcombs shou'd succeed;
 They'll cancel all the Records they can find,
 To blot their baser Conduct out of Mind;
 Strive to forget the Line from whence they came,
 And blast the Practice when they bless the Name.

The'll own their Erring Fathers to be Fools,
 Whose Penitence their Practice ridicules;

Fools

Fools that to Fancies sacrific'd their Sense,
 And plac'd their Kings Supreme to Providence.
 Till Nature, spight of Art restor'd their Eyes,
 And made them their own Innocence despise ;
 Till injur'd Reason re-assum'd its Reign,
 And forc'd them their own Freedoms to maintain ;
 Forc'd them to own they had been mad before,
 And made them justly break what they unjustly swore.

Monarchs too may, by late Examples, see,
 The utmost Bounds of Human Loyalty :
 Tho' big with words the Airy Fraud may swell,
 VVhen e'er they are oppress'd, they all rebel ;
 VVho e'er he be that shall this Fraud advance,
 Let him to *Bedlam* go, and not to *France*.

Thus Tyrants are in their own Schemes deceiv'd,
 And Perjury by Perjury retriev'd ;
 The Devil by his own Darling Sins betray'd,
 And Lyes and broken Oaths become a Trade ;
Kings first their Oaths of Coronation break,
And so their Peoples Perjury bespeak.

A Jest indeed, and so the Monarch found,
 Charm'd with the Airy empty Fab'lous Sound ;
 For when he prov'd the Patient Passive Tribe,
 His Suffering may their Loyalty Describe.

Satyr go down, and search the Pathless Deeps,
 VVhere *Pluto* all his Treacherous Legions keeps ;
 There make Enquiry 'mong the Faithless Race,
 This Treason shines of that infernal Place ;
 Kneel to the Black Bassa, and ask of Hell,
 This one kind Secret Sin but to Reveal ;
 Ask them what Name, what Phrase describes the crime,
 Repeat the Circumstances and the time ;
 My Life for thine, the *Honest Devil* Replies,
 The Fact beyond infernal Knowledge lies :
 Lends thee a Spirit or two, the thingt' explore,
 And owns 'twas never heard of there before.

Satyr, think on, contrive some new made Word,
 For Speech denies, and can no Phrase afford ;

Study the Language of the Gulph, and see
Th' Infernal Dialect of Treachery;
Learn some new Term the Modern Crime t' express,
Suited to its *Polited Wickedness*;

That we may see the Picture of the Times,
And know the Men in their exalted Crimes.

For these are always foremost to betray;
And with their early Treasons lead the way;
These are the famous Knights of *Salisbury*,
The Tribe of Life and Fortune, Loyalty:
The Stand-by Men, the Old Abhorring Race,
Who had no Courage, 'cause they had no Grace;
Yet boldly ventur'd only to look on,

And see their injur'd Monarch fight alone:
Desert him in the Quarrel they had made.
As Men too guilty not to be afraid.

Treason and Loyalty go hand in hand,
Till on the dangerous Precipice they stand;
Embroid'd with Laws, and injur'd Nations Arms,
Guilt breaks the Circles, and dissolves the Charms:
The wretch that fawn'd with Hypocritick Breath,
Deserts him in the Agonies of death:

What Verse the *Blackn'd Party* can expose,
Art sinks, as the Infernal Mischief grows;
No Words the *Horrid Principle* can tell,
'Tis born of Crime, and laid too deep for Hell;
Since then we never can the Cheat explain,
Let's quit the Fact, and dwell upon the Men.

The *Laws* of Nature dictate to the Sense,
That all Men claim in Right of *Self-defence*;
And they that swear a larger Debt to pay,
Insult their Maker when they thus obey;
Depose the Rightful Rule of Providence.

Confound their Reason, and dissolve their Sense:
Subject the Humane Nature unto Rules,
Not fit to govern any Brutes but Fools;
Who e'er for *Passive Doctrine*, wou'd appear,
Will gain but very few Believers here:

Plain

Plain Arguments will run their Sense a-ground,
Their own Examples their Pretence confound;
 For *where's the Man* with Passive Zeal o'ergrown,
 That Cares to make a Footstool to a Throne;
 That for the Crown would *his own Life* despise,
 And calmly make himself the Sacrifice:
 That to obey the Prince's High Command,
 Wou'd bow his willing Neck to his destroying Hand:
 Wou'd his Obedience to his Life prefer,
 And be himself the Executioner.

Some have been so absurd as to bring in,
 Divine Commands concurring with the Sin,
 That Heaven the High Performance so requires,
 And God himself commands whate'er the Prince desires
 From whence this juster Consequence they draw,
 The King's Commands became a Heavenly Law.

And thus they make it plain, The Royal Breath
Must be obey'd, and to repine is Death;
When once the High Command is past, The Thing
Is no more his, but his that made him King;
Soon as his mighty Words are heard abroad,
The Voice o'th' King, becomes the Voice of God;
And he that disobeys the Heavenly Voice,
Is damn'd of Course, and goes to Hell by Choice.

But here the Contradiction is so plain,
 No room for Possibilities remain;
 For then Mankind may come to such a Case,
 He may be damn'd, in spight of Sovereign Grace.

Suppose the Tyrant dooms the Wretch to die,
 And bids him hang himself, if he'll obey;
 Let Mankind answer for his future State,
 'Tis my Opinion, All Men know his Fate;
 This Doctrine damns him too if he refuse,
 Th' unhappy Wretch is left no room to choose;
 Fate has bedg'd up his undirected Way,
 He dies if he'll Refuse, he's damn'd if he'll Obey.

10. JA 60

The End of the Fourth BOOK.

FUR DIVINO:
A
SATYR.

The Fifth BOOK.

By the Author of the True-born-Englishman.

O Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
Numina! — Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 11.



LONDON:

Printed by P. Hills in Black-fryars.

J U R E D I V I N O :



S A T Y R.

S A T Y R, the Quest of Tyranny pursue,
 And bring the Infancy of time in view;
 Look back to old Originals of Power,
 Long before Men knew how each other to devour:
 Bring out the Mortal from his Makers Hand,
 Lord of the World, and fitted for Command;
 Not yet debauch'd with Tyranny or Pride,
 But with his pregnant Reason fortify'd;
 Vested with Judgment to direct his way,
 And chuse how he should rule, or who obey:
 While his succeeding Sons were just and few,
 Paternal Modes of Government they knew;
 But as the kind increas'd, they soon found Cause,
 To limit forms of Government by Laws:
 Degenerate Nature soon seduc'd by Crime,
 Quickly incroach'd upon the Power Sublime;
 And Reason found it needful to explain,
 Laws to prescribe, and Limits to restrain;
 For Man's a Lawless Wretch by Inclination,
 If once let loose to his ungovern'd Passion;
 No Brute has half so little Sense as he,
 When Vice prevails upon his Honesty;
 The Man that would his pathless Wand'rings trace,
 When Reason sleeps, and Crime usurps the Place
 In untrod Mazes will be strangely lost,
 And in vast Seas of difficulty tost:
 When *Israel's* Tribes from *Judah's* Scepter stray'd,
 And Laws of Nature, not of Kings obey'd.

The young insulting Tyrant knew no Law,
 To check his Lust; or keep his Power in awe:
 His Father's spight of all his Wit and Sense,
 And with his Wisdom, mixt the Grand Offence,
 He had the patient Tribes too much oppress'd,
 Who tyr'd with Taxes, now expect some rest:
 The Warlike *David* harass'd them with Arms,
 And wak'd the peaceful Tribes with Conquest and
 His *Aesculapian* Son imbroil'd their Peace, [Alarms:
 With Taxes for his sumptuous Palaces;
 His Building Projects, and his vast Designs,
 So great for Seas of Gold, or deep *Peruvian* Mines;
 He Peoples Hearts as well as Purles drain'd,
 Who fear'd he'd make one City of all the Land:
 Thus with two vigorous Monarchs long oppress'd,
 From the young peaceful King they hope for rest;
 In humble Phrase his Majesty address,
 And calmly ask for Property and Ease,
 But when the hot young angry Tyrant saw,
 Subjects pretend to teach their Sovereign Law;
 With Anger swell'd, his Thoughts no Bounds contain,
 He treats the injur'd People with disdain,
 Says he, I'll show you 'tis your Place to Bow;
 And if you know not, I'll *Instruct you how*:
 Bear from Heaven the Ensigns of my Sway,
 My Business is to rule, and yours to obey.
 The Burthens of my Father's gentle Reign,
 Which with little Reason you complain;
 I teach you how you should his Mildness prize,
 Double now, till Suffering makes you wise;
 May you see all seditious Subjects learn,
 Their Duty and their Interest to discern:
 See how needful 'tis new means to try,
 And mix your Peace with just Severity.
 Therefore your scandalous Address withdraw,
 From my Command, and my Command's your Law.
 Sedition grows from Seeds of Discontent,
 And Faction always snarls at Government:

But since my Throne of God alone I hold,
 To him alone my Councils I unfold;
 My Resolutions he has made your Laws,
 You are to know my Actions, he the Cause;
 Wherefore I stoop to let you understand,
 I double all the Tribute of the Land.

The mild Corrections which my Father gave,
 Has spoil'd the People he design'd to save:
 You murmur'd then, and had you thus been us'd,
 You'd ne'er his easie Clemency abus'd;
 But Liberty, like an unhealthy Air,
 Has made you sick of Peace for want of Fear:
 I'll be the Grand Physician of my Realm,
 And let you know, a Pilot guides the Helm:
 To double Punishment I'll all subject,
 And double Taxes henceforth I expect;
 And if your Discontents and Feuds remain,
 Petition, and I'll double them again.

Spoke like a King, that strain'd the Royal Reins;
 Whose Birth had made him so, and not his Brains;
 A Royal Cock's-comb, by his Father blest
 In Wealth and Power, and People well increas'd,
 And all things but his Wisdom he possess'd:
 Descent of Souls is not prescrib'd by Rules,
 The wisest Fathers form the grossest Fools.

The injur'd People treated with Disdain,
 Finding 'twas to no Purpose to Complain:
 Nature directs, as God himself design'd,
 What once he gave them, they should now defend.
 He did, by Miracle, their Land Subject,
 That they, without it, might that Land protect;
 And as their just Possessions were his Gift,
 'T would be their Sin to see themselves bereft.

Long they had made Submissions to the Crown,
 And long the sense of Liberty had known:
 The Kings they ask'd of God, had let them see,
 What God himself had told of Tyranny:

The Father had exhausted all their Stores,
 With costly Houses; and more costly VVhores;
 It doubly robb'd by his encroaching Son,
 They rather chose to die, than be undone.
 The Tyrant boated with his Scepter'd Pride,
 Believing God and Nature on his Side;
 To the High-Altar in a Rage repairs,
 And rather tells his Tale, than make his Prayers:
 Behold! says he, the Slaves o'er whom I reign,
 Have made the Power I had from thee in vain:
 From thy Diviner Rule they separate,
 And make large Schisms both in Church and State:
 My just Intentions are, with all my Force,
 To check Rebellion in its earliest Course;
 By Powerful Hand, to bring their Stomachs down,
 Revenge th' Affronts of my insulted Throne,
 And save thine injur'd Honour, and my own. }
 And as thy Conduct did my Fathers bless,
 He claims thy help, who does their Crowns possess:
 Tyrants listen to the Sovereign Vote, [Thought.
 Think of his high Command, and tremble at the
 Stir not a Foot, Thy new rais'd Troops disband,
 Says the Eternal Voice, 'Tis my Command:
 I gave thy Fathers first the Hebrew Crown,
 I set it up, but 'tis your selves pull down:
 For when to them I Israel's Scepter gave,
 'Twas not my chosen People to enslave:
 My first Command no such Commission brings,
 I made no Tyrants, tho' I made you Kings:
 But you my People vilely have oppress'd,
 And misapply'd the Powers which you possess.
 'Tis Nature's Laws, the People now direct,
 VVhere Nature leads, I never contradict:
 Draw not thy Sword, thy Brethren to destroy,
 The Liberty they have's their Right to enjoy;
 My Providence did never yet intend,
 But what they might enjoy, they might defend;
 And if they have deserted from thy Throne,
 The Actions mine, but all the Fault's thy own. Let

Let any Tyrants view the high Commands,
In Sacred VVrit, the Sacred Sentence stands;
The Eternal Censure's on the Action past,
And Arbitrary Government was Try'd and Cast.

If *Rehobobam* had no Sacred Line,
Shew me a King like him for Right Divine:
But Heaven the ten revolting Tribes defends,
And *Judah's* numerous Troops himself disbands;
Owns the just Claim of Right to Liberty,
And leaves the Brand of Fool on Tyranny:
Tell us how Hebrew Sages first advis'd,
Tell us how Hebrew Sages he despis'd;
His young Fop-Counsellors debauch'd his Mind,
Too much before to Tyranny inclin'd;

Those Mountebanking States-Men always see,
The Gain, but not the end of Tyranny;
And when in Mischief they involve the Throne,
They leave the wheedl'd Wretch to fight alone;
Desert th' ambitious Tyrant, and stand clear,
Share the Advantages, but shun the War.

But 'tis allerdg'd, when pop'lar Heats engage,
There's something *boundless* in the Peoples Rage.

But 'tis because the're first provok'd so high,
And bear so long the Chains of Tyranny,
That when they once resolve to be set free,
All flies before the Storm of Liberty.

But humane things are subject to extreams,
As swelling Floods despise contracted Streams;
The gentler Brooks to rapid torrents grow,
And all the flowery Meadows overflow;
But when the accidental Causes cease,
The hasty Flood returns to Calms and Peace.

If the unruly Mob, by their Excess,
Increase the Mischiefs which they would redress;
If Blood's the Fruit of their ungovern'd Rage,
Which nothing but just Vengeance can assuage;
'Tis Murther, if its done without the Laws,
But here th' Event's excluded from the Cause;

they did only their Defence intend,
 Actions are always govern'd by their end ;
 The Blood no publick Guilt can there contract ;
 It lies on him that shall commit the Fact ;
 The People seldom do to Blood incline,
 The Accident's not in the first Design ;
 But Tyranny remov'd, and Peace procur'd,
 The end's obtain'd, when Liberty's restor'd.
 Tyrants sometimes in Revolutions fall,
 Tho' their Destruction's not design'd at all ;
 When they the Torrent of Revenge resist,
 And meet the Dangers which they might ha' mist ;
 Not all that fairly can be said from hence,
 Quits the Design, and blames the Consequence.
 Hasty Showr's, when they from Heaven flow down,
 Are sent to fructifie and not to drown ;
 And in a Torrent, if a Drunkard sink,
 'Tis not the Flood that drowns him, but the Drink ;
 'Tis not 'twou'd be hard, because the Sinner's slain,
 Or fear of drowning, we must have no Rain.
 Blest are the Days, and wing'd with Joy they fly,
 When Monarchs joyn in Subjects Liberty ;
 When settled Peace in stated Order reigns,
 And nor the People nor the King complains ;
 Juster Measures both alike combine,
 And mutual Int'rest, mutual Methods joyn :
 'Tis then the happy Nations bless the Crown ;
 'Tis then the happy Monarchs rule their own ;
 No Title's equal to the Peoples Hearts,
 When every Branch of power enjoys their proper parts
 No encroachments, and oppressive Arts unknown,
 Kings first support the People, they the Crown ;
 The ends of Government in both agree,
 And these grow Great, but just as these grow free ;
 And in that very freedom they assent,
 Shall the essential Rules of Government.
 Thus legal Monarchy in triumph Reigns,
 And all the Arts of Tyranny disdains ;

Revolving years have crush'd the vile Design,
 Just Princes now with Free-born Subjects joyn;
 Beam of inlighten'd Sense, for Liberty,
 In Heaven's Reflection into Nature's Eye:
 Instructive Glance, that Rules to judge creates,
 And by those Rules the rest illuminates;
 Where e'er thou dost the darks of Guilt survive,
 At thy Appearance Nations learn to live;
 For Liberty is Life, and every Slave,
 Moves only in the Circle of his Grave;
 Is dead to all the ends of Life, His Breath,
 Serves only to inhance the Price of Death;
 Imbitter Sorrow, and oppress his Sense,
 And make his real Torture more intense:
 So Tyrants kill by long and ling'ring Pain,
 The Terrors of their Vengeance to maintain.

Thou dost the Nations to their Sense restore;
 Possess't with raging Lunacies before;
 Dethrone their captivating Follies, and,
 To its own native State, return the Land;
 For Liberty is Nature's Gift to Men,
 Born in their Blood, and runs in every Vein,
 And all but Lunaticks the Gift maintain:
 Every degenerate step to Bondage shows,
 A Madness Man to Crime and Custom owes,
 A Contradiction to the Laws of Sense,
 That bears its Punishment in the Offence.

But when the weaken'd Nature can endure
 No more, And Reason seeks abroad for Cure,
 Seeks for some Antidote to expel the Taint;
 Then Liberty come, in The Glorious Hint.
 The spreading Plague at first appearance kills,
 And Nations are made free against their Wills:
 Cordials and Life are in the very VVords,
 Ev'ry repeated Sound new Spirits affords;
 Thro' all the Angles of the Heart they roul:
 Hail Liberty! Thou Physick of the Soul!

F U R E D I V I N O :

A

S A T Y R .

The Sixth B O O K.

By the Author of the True-born Englishman.

sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis.
ina! — Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 11.



L O N D O N :

Printed by P. Hills in Black-fryars.

J U R E D I V I N O



S A T Y R.

S A T Y R thy Quest of Loyalty renew,
 The *flying Phantasm* yet pursue;
 Let it be publish'd by Immortal Fame,
 How far 'tis Substance, How far empty Name:
 Let Kings no more be flatter'd and deceiv'd,
 And blame too late the Knaves they have believ'd
 Let Governours, and Governed agree,
 And state the Measures of Authority;
 Ballance the mighty Management of State,
 Betwixt the People, and the Magistrate;
 Bring all the Articles to Publick Sight,
 How these must rule, and how far those submit:
 People will then no more be so oppress'd,
 And Legal Power no more be made their Jest:
 Subordination will its Order keep,
 Ambition dye, and all Rebellion sleep;
 Justice its undisturb'd Command procure,
 And Right and Property at once restore;
 The weeping Nations shall begin to laugh,
 The Subject easie, and the Monarch safe:
 Plenty and Peace embrace just Government,
 The King's be pleas'd, the People all content:
 Find the blest Nations out, and let us see,
 The Happiness of Just Authority.

Then draw the Draft of Arbitrary Power,
 And paint the Monsters which the World devour
 Exalt th' Incarnate Devil, and let us know,
 If he's as Black as we pretend, or no:
 Suppose a *Nero* mounted on the Throne,
 Thinks he's a God, and all Mankind his own;

O He sports himself to set the World on Fire,
 He thinks it ought to burn at his Desire :
 By him Robe'd in all his Right Divine,
 It in his Claim, unquestion'd in his Line;
 Ow'd with Applause, all due Allegiance swore,
 Due perform'd, but he exacting more :
 He poses him blasting all the Nation's Peace,
 Ranging all the Methods of excess,
 He in Blood, and eager to destroy,
 Cursing all the Blessings we enjoy;
 He w him the common Hang-man of the Town,
 And daily Murthers deifie his Crown :
 The floating Monarch revels in the Flood,
 And bathes his Scepter in the Streams of Blood ;
 The Senate Massacre'd, the City fir'd,
 And all the hopes of Liberty expir'd ;
 The busie Wretch, contriving Desolation,
 And studying soonest to destroy the Nation ;
 He sits in high Extreame of Cruelty,
 And racks his Brains, to teach Men how to die ;
 He puts his Thoughts with Misery and Blood,
 And feasts his Eyes upon the slaughter'd Crowd :
 View him roll'd up in hated Lusts and Wine,
 In Rapes, Incests, Blood, and all unnatural Sin ;
 He's reach'd beyond th' extreamest Act of Crime,
 The Wonder, and the Horror of the time :
 He blasphemes God, and eagerly enclin'd,
 To sin, beyond th' Rate of all th' Infernal kind ;
 Raving, and Mad with Anger and Disdain,
 That Heaven it self can limit or restrain ;
 His Crimes beyond the Power of Words to tell,
 Defying Heaven, and then contemning Hell.
 See him, to gratifie his wild desire,
 Embroil Mankind, and set the World on Fire ;
 And to do all the Mischief that he cou'd,
 Willing to quench it with the Peoples Blood ;
 Surrounded with his mercenary Guards,
 Who with the Peoples Money he rewards ;

Strong Bands of Cut-throats execute his Will,
Whose Trade's in Blood, and their Delight's to kill

Whoe'er he dooms by his destructive Breath,
These are his ready Messengers of Death;
Who all his dreadful Orders execute,
And neither Cause or Consequence dispute;
They fetch the chastest Virgin to his Arms,
And rifle Nature's self of all her Charms;
To the securer Altars they repair,
And drag the Sacred from the House of Prayer;
Make breach of Laws, the Fashion of the time,
Strict Honesty a Fault, and Wealth a Crime.

And that we may the dreadful Picture draw,
And paint the vilest Wretch the World e'er saw;
Fancy his Insolence swell'd up so high,
He scorns his kind, and claims Divinity;
Erects himself for something more than Man,
And makes the Devil all the God contain:
Expects from Men, what Nature's Laws abhor,
And they that wou'd obey, must now adore:
Th' unbounded Idol surfeited with Blood,
And fitted for a Fury, not a God;
Proceeds by Blood to make them Idolize,
And wildly Worship what they should despise.

Injur'd Subjects to the Laws appeal,
This wou'd be to resist, and that rebel;
In vain with humblest manner they address,
It makes their Burthens greater, not the less;
The Prostrate Subject that can stoop to pray,
Is so much farther fitted to obey.
They that once beg their Prince for leave to live,
Own his just Right to take as well as give;
Submit their passive Necks to bear the Yoke,
And with extended Throats expect the Stroke;
Abandon Life to his degenerate Will.
And recognize his Right to save or kill;

But when Oppression makes a People rise,
The Freedom gain'd, the People satisfies;

kill And if in Arms they are oblig'd t' appear,
 'tis not Rebellion then. but Civil War.

As blustering Winds disturb the calmest Sea,
 And all the Waters rave and Mutiny :
 The Billows loudly of the Wrong complain,
 And make an Insurrection in the Main ;
 The watery Troops insult the lofty Clouds,
 And heave themselves in huge rebellious Crowds ;
 Tho' the tumultuous Rage our Wonder draws,
 The Water's not to blame, the Wind's the Cause ;
 And if the aggressing Tempests please to cease,
 The Inclination's all to Calms and Peace :
 The Cause remov'd, the Grievance is redrest,
 And Nature glides the willing Waves to rest.
 So Tyrants drive the People to extreams,
 And they that still stand out, it still inflames ;
 But when the End's obtain'd, they always show,
 The honest Reasons of the thing they do :
 When Power's reduc'd, the Motions always cease,
 All tends to Settlements, and all to Peace :
 The Actions prove the Peoples Innocence,
 The Cause was right, and right the Consequence.
 But when Ambition rules the exalted Head,
 When Power's in view, and all Religion's fled ;
 The Cause is bad, the Principle's decay'd,
 Reason the *Medium*, the Foundation Pride ;
 The End's Oppression, Tyranny and Blood,
 And so Rebellion should be understood.
 Faulting Tyrants, own the stated Guilt,
 Rebellion's theirs, and their's the Blood that's spilt ;
 The injur'd Subject bears no real share,
 The Guilt goes with the Causes of the War,
 The broken Laws with Ravish'd Liberties,
 The Blood's the Treason, there the Traytor lies ;
 The broken Compact, the forgotten Oath,
 He proves the Injury, the Injur'd both :
 Then make to Heaven, the solem high Appeal,
 And sink the perjur'd Monarch down to Hell :

It can't be Treason in our own defence,
 To obey the Dictates of our common Sense:
 He that his Right demands, can ne'er rebel,
 And may by Force, the Wrongs of Force repell.
 May we not for Posterity contend,
 And Ravish'd Virgin-Chastity defend;
 Protect the Injur'd, and the Innocent,
 And total Devastations so prevent:
 Then Vertue's plac'd beneath the Feet of Vice,
 And Mischief's backt with just Authorities:
 'Tis best for Man, to load himself with Crimes,
 To gain the strong protection of the times;
 Conferate Powers, Confederate Vice maintain,
 And suffering Vertue courts the World in vain;
 'Tis Nonsense to be Sober, Just, and Wise,
 It only prompts Mankind to tyrannize;
 We should be Villains, Thieves, and Men of Blood,
 Society should so be understood.
 He that could be the worst, should always reign;
 And he that murder'd most, the better Man;
 'Twou'd all be fair, no Man cou'd be oppress'd,
 Because he'd do the same by all the rest;
 Justice would dwell upon the strongest Arm,
 And Idol Fortune be the only Charm;
 And he that could not gain the bloody Seat,
 Because he could not Conquer, must submit;
 The World wou'd be a Desert, Men of Prey,
 Wou'd range the Waste, and weak ones must obey;
 Vertue wou'd be against all Common Sense,
 Men must be Dev'ls, 'tis their own Defence.
 Satyr, from Rage and Rapture now arise,
 The Laws of God and Liberty Revise:
 What tho' too often, we the Strain repeat,
 Too often viler Men impose the Cheat;
 When Men their Sense and Nature too despise,
 Satyr shall Sense and Nature recognize;
 Such fairly forfeit Native Liberty,
 Are justly so oppress'd, and ought to die.

No Age of Time cou'd e'er wipe out the Stain,
 Thou'd we enjoy their purchas'd Blood in vain;
 Posterity wou'd curse us in our Graves,
 That we left free our selves, thou'd leave them Slaves:
 The Eternal Brand of Infamy descends,
 We neither thou'd be Fathers, nor be Friends:
 By the Hereditary Law we're bound,
 To leave the perfect Liberty we found.

When Kings against the King of Kings rebel,
 And the crown'd Christian turns an Infidel;
 When mortal Man his Maker once defies,
 We may the Man, tho' not the King despise:
 Here the distinction may be wisely shown,
 Betwixt the Man that wears it and the Crown;
 But if to Blood and Murther they descend,
 And by their Right Divine the Crimes defend;
 Trample on Justice, and suppress the Law,
 And think their Crown must injur'd Subjects awe:
 Nature directs the People what to do,
 And People Nature's Dictates will pursue:
 The Sanction of the Crown at once transferr'd,
 Blood calls for Blood, and Nature will be heard;
 The Crown can no more such a Wretch defend,
 He's damn'd by Nature's Laws, his Reign must end.
 What tho' by strength of Hand he keeps his Throne,
 He's no more King, tho' he possess the Crown:
 Tyrant and King are vastly different things,
 We're Robb'd by Tyrants, but we're Rul'd by Kings;
 This may uphold. but that o'er-turns the State;
 This is the Man, but that's the Magistrate.
 Our Safety will on this distinction rest,
 For this we must obey, and that we may resist.
 If it be ask'd how the distinction's known,
 Oppression marks him out, the Nations Groan,
 The broken Laws, the Cries of injur'd Blood,
 Are Languages by all Men understood;

The Voice of Bondage, and Destruction's known,
 And summons all Men to defend their own :
 Freedom's the Native Right of all Mankind,
 And they that flight it, leave their Sense behind.
 No Laws of God our Property expose,
 Kings were the People's Guards, their Freedom to en
 [close

And they who what they should defend invade,
 Forfeit their Office, have their Trust betray'd ;
 To him that first employ'd them shall account,
 As Sovereign Power does Humane Power surmount
 But they that by him have been sore oppress'd,
 Shall take that Power away which he possess ;
 So far shall punish Mischiefs done before,
 As to prevent the willing Wretch from more ;
 Shall take the Sovereign Glory from his Head,
 And set up Right to govern in his stead.

And lest this Doctrine should be ill design'd,
 Let's search the general Practice of Mankind ;
 In all the Acts of Times, since Kings were known,
 The Power of Justice supercedes the Crown :
 The Regal Glory has been carried high,
 And Notion sometimes flatter'd Majesty ;
 But first or last, Tyrannick Powers submit,
 The General Good, and Universal Right.
 In Nations void of Politicks and State,
 They Kings for general Conduct they create ;
 Their Government's prescrib'd to general Good,
 For Government must so be understood :
 If its inverted to a wrong Intent,
 'Tis Combination, not a Government.

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The End of the Sixth BOOK.

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Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortu.
Numina! ——— Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 15.

JURE DIVINO:

A

SATYR.

The Seventh B O O K.

By the Author of the True-Born Englishman.

1,
Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortu.
Numina! ——— Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 15.



L O N D O N:

Printed by P. Hills, in Black-Fryars.

727 (2)
JURE DIVINO:



SATYR.

SATYR, to vulgar History repair,
Innumerable Precedents are there;
Rifle Antiquity, and view the Thrones,
And ransack all the Registers of Crowns;
Look back as far as ancient Rolls will last,
And search the long Records of Ages past,
Beyond what Elder Story can relate,
While Kings had People, People Magistrate:
Back to the very Infancy of time,
When Humane Power resembled the Supream.
Nations, e'er since there has been King on Throne,
Have pull'd down Tyrants to preserve the Crown.
When vicious Heads, and impious Hands ha' met,
And with the Peoples Blood debauch'd the Royal Seat,
The Laws of Nature then, as still they do,
Taught them their Rights and Safety to pursue.
Justice and Property's the People's own,
And Laws were far more Sacred than the Crown:
And if a King that should protect destroys,
He forfeits all the Sanction he enjoys.
Custom for nameless Ages is our Proof,
And Nature wou'd, if Custom wan't enough.
There's not a Nation ever own'd a Crown,
But if their Kings oppress them, pull'd them down
Concurring Providence has been content,
And always blest the Action in th' Event.
Christian or Heathen, all has been the same,
'Tis Nature, not Religion bears the Blame.

If Tyranny, in early times appear'd,
 Was loss of Reason first the way prepar'd:
 Mankind debauch'd with Crime, to Crime gave way,
 Oppression's introduc'd and Fools obey.
 Hail Noble Parent, First-born Child of Power,
 Father of time, who saw the first bright Hour;
 At the bold Racer first when he set out,
 And view'd the steady paces of his Foot:
 Measur'd the equal Pulses of thy Blood,
 And all the Harmony of Nature understood;
 Now with his fleeting Speed thy Life kept pace,
 And beat true time to his exacter Race:
 Now the vast Circulation of the whole,
 And saw thy Maker first fold up the mighty Roll:
 Ere thou sat'st under the Sacred Shade,
 And saw the Chain of Cause and Consequences made:
 Heard the establishment of Nature's Laws;
 Thou first effect of Heaven, the first great Cause:
 Thou eldest Soul, the primo-genial Birth,
 First causing Nature, and complying Earth:
 Tell us from whence the Seeds of Crime began,
 How cam'st thou this black Guest to entertain:
 Convey the Schemes the sly Invader laid,
 And tell us how thou cam'st to be betray'd:
 How thy strong Sense, and high exalted Soul,
 Prop'd first to Vice, and Crime debauch'd the whole:
 And tell us then, by what strange Vessels laid,
 How the grand Couragious Mischief is convey'd,
 And why thy Lawful Lineal Progeny,
 Must bear the Taint of thine Infirmary:
 Slaves to Crime, and Vice's Laws obey,
 And thy vile Principles to ours convey:
 Why Man by Laws of Nature's so confin'd,
 That all his Crimes shall all his Off-spring bind:
 How the secret sympathetick Rules are laid,
 How the Likeness with the Life is all convey'd:
 How the Laws of Life are so prescrib'd by Fate,
 By Nature not by Choice, we propagate:

By Grand Necessity the same convey,
 And all the same by like Necessity :
 Nature performs the Work, the passive Mould,
 Can nothing add, and nothing can withhold.

From this unhappy fatal Consequence,
 Descends the universal Blemish of our Sense :
 Exalted Nature, first deprest by Crime,
 Feels the strong Blow to the extent of time,
 Man born to rule himself, himself betrays,
 And with the early Fool, the Slave conveys :
 Subjects his Free-born Soul, subjects us all,
 And native Pride usurps the Reverend Stall ;

When Crime at first possess'd the Humane Soul,
 The Wise First-Man sunk down below the Fool :
 Not only lost his Rectitude of Mind,
 But all his new illustrious Sense declin'd ;
 The infernal Vapour fum'd up to his Head,
 And all his intellectual Part lay dead ;
 The strong Debauch his Reason stupify'd,
 And wild Impertinence the Place supply'd.
 The strange unhappy Alteration prov'd,
 The change of Principle from which he mov'd ;
 His vast capacious Soul, by which he knew,
 What form'd his Glorious Self, as well as Who,
 Clouded with Darkness, Sense of Guilt and Fear,
 In what bewildred Shapes did it appear !
 Divested of the Sacred Influence,
 It sunk beneath the Class of common Sense :

View him to day conversing with his God,
 His Image both enjoy'd and understood ;
 To Morrow skulking with a senseless Flight,
 Among the Bushes from the Infinite,
 And fancy'd he was blind who gave him Sight.
 With sordid Labour, Tagging Fig-leaf Vests,
 To hide his Body from the sight of Beasts.
 Hark how he faintly pleads for forfeit Life ;
 First he reproaches Heaven, and then his Wife ;

he Woman thou bestow'st, as if the Gift
 wou'd rob him of his little Reason left :
 double Fool, to shift his early Crime,
 and think accusing her, wou'd excuse him.
 At high incroaching Vice dethrones the Sense,
 and intercepts the Heavenly Influence;
 debauches Reason, makes the Man a Fool,
 and turns his active Light to ridicule.
 Nothing removes the Soul so far from home,
 as conscious Guilt to Demonstrations come :
 Satyr, what strong Capacious Thoughts arise,
 When we the Infant Acts of Hell Revise :
 the Deeds of early Kings, when Monarchs strove,
 to fetch their Titles from the Powers above :
 and all to make the stated Cheat appear,
 that Men might have some Mystery in their Fear.
 How the corrupt Design to propogate,
 and fix the long succeeding Nation's Fate :
 confederate Councils fatally advise,
 these to usurp the Crowns, and those the Skies.
 Now the new Summons's to Hell were sent,
 and *Satan* met in Sooty Parliament :
 the Great Divan consulted to dethrone,
 the Sacred Powers, and then erect their own.
 New *Pandemoniums* here we might prepare,
 and tell the long Orations spoken there :
 Now the Infernal Members gave their Vote,
 and Monarchy was form'd upon the Spot :
 Upon Condition first to sign the League,
 and propogate the vast profound Intrigue :
 The high usurping Monarch was to joyn,
 And leagu'd with Hell, promote the black Design :
 This to be King, that should his Power procure;
 That to be God, this shou'd his Power adore.
 Thus *Satan* gain'd new Footing by the Crown,
 And made himself a Part'ner in the Throne :
 And thus began to push the grand Design,
 The high Immortal Name to undermine.

Satan

Satan and *Ninus* thus began to reign,
 And Brother Monarchs, Brother Crimes maintain :
 The well matcht Kings, their well matcht Projects joy
 Idolatry and Tyranny alike Divine.
Belus the Father, *Ninus* now the Son ;
 This *Idol-Gods*, that *Idol-Kings* begun.
 The present Monster cannoniz'd the past,
 Hell fixt the King, the King the *Idol* plac'd.
 Thus mutual Help, the strong Confed'rates bring,
 The King first made the God, and then the God the King
 Thus *Ninus* early Monarchy erects,
 Concurring Hell, the new design protects :
 The horrid Sympathy of Parts remain,
 And this by just effects will that explain :
 Tyrannick Powers an *Idol* in the State,
 And High-Church-*Idols* Tyranny create.
 The high Alternate Mischiefs well combin'd ;
 This blasphemes God, and that insults Mankind ;
 From the same Fountain both the Treasons spring,
 One Devil makes their God, and one their King :
 Both joyn the ruin'd World to captivate,
 And both go halves in Mischief, as in State :
 Devils and Men contriv'd the fatal Deed,
 All Hell concurr'd, Devils and Men agreed :
 The horrid Postulata are too plain,
 First Hell contrives, and Monarchs next maintain :
Satan and *Ninus* Nature's Laws devour,
 That cloath'd with Adoration, this with Power ;
 Delude the Parts, and subjugate the whole,
 This to enslave the Body that the Soul.
 Then their Infernal Policy to show,
 They 'rected Dynasties of Gods below,
 Wild Household Gods, of mean degenerate Size,
 Meer Kulinary Turn-spit Deities,
 That Beasts, could they adore, would hardly idolize
 Of Fields, and Groves, of Seas, of Winds and Floods
 And all the Race of Hell, are turn'd to Gods :

close Conjunction all their Actions Chime,
 hand in hand, subject the World to Crime.
 jointly they rise, in bold Authorities,
 these to usurp the Earth, and those the Skies.
 preme in Robbery, the Thieves of State;
 his robs the Deity, the People that;
 his of his Worship, those of their Estate,
 Thus Liberty made shorter by the Head,
 ceas'd, and Empire govern'd in its stead.
 an born to Freedom, all his Power resign'd,
 d as his Vertue, so his Strength declin'd :
 he vast Inheritance of Nature lost,
 the wild Seas of vile Subjection tost;
 ipwrackt his Senses, let his Reason die,
 dear he paid for early Monarchy.
 Thus Kings grew Sacred in the Peoples Eyes;
 llains usurp, and Mad-men recognize:
 hus Hell's Eternal Empire first began,
 nd vicious Men the fatal Fraud maintain.
 he horrid Stratagem too soon succeeds,
 nd yielding Heaven permits the viler Deeds.
 Victorious Hell affronts the Sovereign Throne;
 an usurps the Altar, Man the Crown :
 he growing Treason spreads the general Face,
 nd long Descent of Tyrants sanctifys the Race :
 he Idol Worship, Idol Monarchs makes,
 nd Temporal of Infernal Power partakes.
 Nor are the Victors wanting to proclaim,
 heir fancy'd Conquests of the Eternal Name :
 suming Titles, Dignity and State,
 cred to Heaven alone, Divinely Great :
 ock Altars they erect, and Shams of Praise,
 nd Temples to infernal Glory raise :
 aspheme the Sacred, and usurp his Place,
 olize and Constitute his Rival to his Face;
 Flood all his Immortal Attributes assume,
 place perverse Ideas in their Room :

For Providence, their Fortune they create,
 And mock immutable Decrees with Fate.
 The Airy nothings, humane Praise devour,
 And mimic Thunders ape Almighty Power :
 With doubtful Oracles, for Heavenly Voice,
 Mankind stands bubbld by his stated Choice :
 In favour of Delusions shuts his Eyes,
 With Priest-Craft pleas'd, instead of Prophecies.
 From hence the Captivated Wretch he draws,
 Graspt by his Fear, for Fear's the mighty Cause
 Of blind Subjection : Fear's the Bond of Crime,
 The second Sin of Nature, First-born Child of Time
 From this infected, vile, original Spring,
 Came first the willing Slave, and Tyrant King.
 Of the same Baseness born, the joynt Decay,
 Makes Tyrants first command, and Fools obey :
 Rebellion's meant, when Justice goes before,
 In spite of Derivation, it can mean no more :
 For if the Law's dethron'd, Subjections cease,
 And all Obedience is prescrib'd by this :
 Kings can no longer rule by Right, than they,
 Govern by Law; no longer Men obey ;
 The rest is all Tyrannick Power and Force,
 He rules his Subjects, as he rules his Horse ;
 The Whip, the Reins, the Bit, the Curb and Spur
 These the submissive Beasts obedience first procure
 If Angels, or the Devils in the way,
 Scarce *Baalams* Beast, durst in resistance Bray :
 Nature oppress'd, groans with tyrannick Load,
 And makes the very As refuse the Road ;
 Rather than bear the Cruelty of Man,
 The Beasts will speak, and of their Wrong complain
 Nature abhors the vile submissive Slave,
 And Sense directs Mankind to chuse the Grave ;
 The boiling Blood will swell his Rage so high,
 And if he can't live free, he'll seek to die.

 IO JA 60

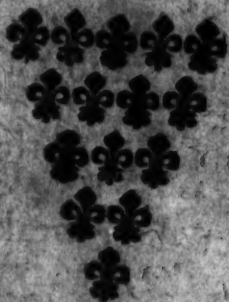
 The End of the Seventh BOOK.

FURE DIVINO:
A
SATYR.

The Eighth BOOK.

By the Author of the True-born-Englishman.

O Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis
Numina! — Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 11.



LONDON:

K. Printed by P. Hills in Black-fryars.

THE
FUTURE DIVINO:



SATYR.

BOOK VIII.

Wonder no more the Nation's fell a Prey,
To strong Consolidated Tyranny:
Wonder no more, the Grand Delusion gain'd
On the young World, to Crime so lately chain'd:
Well might the wheel'd Nations now adore,
When he's their God, who was their King before:
Well might the wheel'd Nations Homage pay,
Who would not, if the Gods should rule, obey?
Monarchs are certain to possess Mankind,
When their Allegiance and Devotion's joyn'd:
They that believe their King and God are one,
Are damn'd if they submit not to the Crown;
For if Religion and Subjection meet,
Tyrannick Power stands on Devotion's Feet.

But common Sense o'erthrew the vile Design,
'And blew up Hell it self, without a Mine;
The sleeping Ages wak't, th' Infernal Dream
Went off, and Reason baffl'd all the Scheme;
Instructing Nature made the People Wise,
Instructing Nature shew'd the weak Disguise:
Above a hundred Ages they had been
Slaves to the Devils of th' Assyrian Line,
Had worshipp'd Gods and Kings o' th' Heavenly Host,
And hardly knew which they had bow'd to most,
Till high exalted Lust obtain'd the Crown,
And monstrous Vice pull'd all this Rabel down;
Extreams of Crimes, Extreams of Change endure,
And make the very Mischiefs work the Cure.

Sardanapalus first in *Hell's* Records,
 (Unnatural Crimes excite Unnatural Swords)
 With horrid Scenes provok'd the Peoples Rage,
 When Blood excites, Blood only can assuage;
 Reason from his Internal Actions prov'd,
 He ought not to be fear'd, that ought not to be lov'd,
 And all Pretence to Government's in vain,
 When once the People can condemn the Man:
 The personal Awe preserve the Name of King,
 If once they hate the Man, they'll slight the Thing.
 The viler Life cut short the dreadful Reign,
 Unmann'd the King, and then unking'd the Man:
 The Crimes themselves had undeceiv'd Mankind,
 When Nature dictates, no Man can be blind.
 'Twas so directly opposite to Sense,
 Nature expos'd the Impotent Pretence:
 They that his Godship offer'd to maintain,
 When Vice had made him stoop below the Man,
 Talk'd to Four-hundred-thousand Men in vain:
 'Twas Nonsense to suppose the Heavenly Race,
 When the Man withdrew, and Brute supply'd the Place.
 The injur'd People long had been oppress'd,
 Nature call'd out, the Nations wanted Rest;
 Heaven wou'd no more th' effeminate Monster bear,
 Both Heaven and Nature mov'd the Hand of War;
 The Sword of Nations must be understood,
 The Sword of Nature, that, the Sword of God.
 The early Rule, by stated Laws came down,
 And he demands, by them that gave the Crown:
 Fir'd with Oppression, Nature acts by Sense,
 And makes their Reason guard their Innocence;
 Arms all the Faculties, and whets the Mind,
 The Laws of Life, and Nations to defend.
 Thus their invaded Freedom they maintain,
 Dethron'd the Devil, and he dethron'd the Man:
 The Sacred Wretch from Sacred Justice fled,
 And Great *Arbaces* govern'd in his stead.

Hail

Hail First Great Rebel, Mould of Civil War,
 That durst in Arms for Liberty appear;
 That durst erect thy Native Laws of Sense,
 And boldly struggle in their just Defence;
 That durst Superior Right at first obey,
 And knew th' invasive Bound of Tyranny;
 To thy blest Hand, directed from on High,
 We owe the Homage paid to Liberty:
 Thou first true Patriot of Right and Law,
 That the subjected Nations ever saw,
 That taught Men first in its exalted Sense,
 The undisputed Right of Self-defence;
 Shew'd them the End of Government and Thrones,
 And measur'd Space with People and with Crowns,
 At what due Distance Kings and Subjects stand,
 How those shou'd first obey, and these Command;
 How far the Sovereign Dignities extend, [defend
 When these may act the Prince, or those may Liberty

To thy Great Soul instructed Nations owe,
 The first Example what they ought to do;
 And how when Mighty Men degenerate,
 There's none too Great for Justice, or for Fate:
 The Publick Good's the Life of Publick Power,
 And Right to Rule's no Title to Devour.
 He's only justly Great who justly Reigns,
 And as the Tyrant grows, the Right declines;
 Justice supports both Dignity and Name,
 And when this Halts, the Government goes Lame.

Hail First Restorer of Foundation Right,
 Thou Great Land-mark of Property and Might;
 Thou Dawn of Liberty, and Spring of Law,
 Durst the First Sword against Oppression draw,
 Against Tyrannick Power's wild Command,
 Thou liftedst up the first Resisting-hand;
 First put exalted boundless Men in mind,
 They ought to Rule, but not Destroy Mankind;
 That Reason's Laws are higher still than they, [Fob
 That while they these Command, yet they must th And
 Sa

Satyr, Pay Homage to revolving Fate,
 And view *Rome's* Empire's now declining State;
 How to Invading Nations made a prey,
 The *Roman* Conquests foreign Lords obey.

France yields to hoards of overturning *Gauls*,
 And barbarous Nations storm th' Imperial walls:
 The *Vandals* stretch the wide *Cantabrian* Plain,
 And *Suevian* Troops embrace declining *Spain*;
 And these again to new Invasions bow,
 And wilder Troops their Kingdoms overthrow:
Franks, from the Lord knows where, in shoals advance,
 Erect the Name and Government of *France*;
 And western *Goths*, more num'rous than the Stars,
 Spread *Europe's* fruitful Fields, with Seeds of future wars:
 The *Vandals*, that by Conquest rul'd before,
 Submit, and range to *Africa* for more.

Sarmatian Poles o'er-run the Northern Coasts,
 And *Scandinavian* Tribes huge Conquests boast:
 Wild *Huns*, and *Heruli*, and *Belgick* Bands,
 Fix barb'rous Empires on the *Roman* Lands:
 New Kingdoms rise from their dismember'd State,
 And hasten dying *Rome's* declining Fate.

Legions of Nations in th' Excursion joyn,
 From *Elbe*, and *Oder*, *Danube*, and the *Rhine*.
 The mighty Provinces of ancient *Rome*,
 That now compose the Thrones of *Christendom*,
 To plunder, rapine, and to Conquest yield.
 And Titles's form'd in the triumphant Field.

Then view the several Nations as they reign,
 And how by Right their Conquests they maintain;
 In Fields of Blood, new Kingdoms they erect,
 Obey the Claim of Force, and weaker reject:
 Conquest gave Nations, Conquerors made Crowns,
 Some govern'd Provinces, and others Towns;
 All was their own, which they by Conquest gain'd,
 And Right was theirs, whose Power that Right main-
 Now, *Satyr*, see how Nature rules Mankind, [tain'd.
 And Reason guides the well-directed Mind:

The

The uninstructed Nations knew no Laws;
 Their fighting Heroes gain'd their just Applause;
 The shouting Legions gave them their Renown,
 And he that gain'd the Kingdom, gain'd the Crown.

But see the Consequence of Native Right,
 They all had shar'd the Hazards of the Fight;
 All claim by their Proportion in the War,
 Danger and Glory bears its equal share:
 The Claimers here, to Laws of Nature fly,
 First share the Fight, and then the Victory:
 Thus Forms of Government, in Nature fram'd,
 The Right of Property is first proclaim'd,
 Terms of Subjection, and of Rule, agreed,
 And Government, by Laws of Rule proceed.

Soldiers the conquer'd Countries divide,
 And Properties the Rights of Rule decide:
 The Leaders by the Tenure of their Lands,
 Had Honours suited to their high Commands:
 Nobility upon Behaviour stood,
 Commenc'd in Merit first, and not in Blood:
 The Captains form'd the Gentry of the Land,
 Did now the Farm, as once the Troop command:
 The Gen'als of superior Rank and Fame,
 Grew Lords and Princes, only chang'd their Names:
 The Legionary Soldiers fell to Trade,
 And all were Freemen and Freeholders made.

The mighty leading, All-commanding Thing,
 Govern'd the whole, and gain'd the Name of King:
A Name indeed, for Laws of his Command,
 He shar'd with them, with whom he shar'd the Land;
 And if he ceas'd his due Respect to pay,
 To stand to Rules, they quickly ceas'd t' obey.

The Nature of the Thing imply'd no less,
 'Twas he that govern'd, they that did possess;
 They all had born the burthen of the Field,
 And by that Right their New Possessions held;
 Their mutual Strength the Conquest had procur'd,
 And every Man had drawn alike his Sword.

But their due Defence, now in Peace they paid,
To him whose Conduct they in War obey'd:
The Reason with the Consequence appears,
The Homage his; but the Possession theirs.

There were the ~~Gorbick~~ Rules of Government,
On Reason built, and fixt in general Consent.
Nature first taught Men Schemes of Life to draw,
In Order live, and call'd that Order *LAW*:
Nature directed Men to understand,
And State-subjection, when the State commands:
As Nature taught, they Nature still obey,
And struggle hard for Native Liberty.
In vain assuming Tyrants have oppress;
In vain deny the craving Nation's Rest:
The subjugated injur'd People rise,
And guilty Tyranny from Justice flies.

Satyr, the endless Roll turn back no more,
The latent search of Tyrants fate give o'er:
Let modern Histories supply our Pen,
There see these fancied Gods fall down like Men.
Tyrannick Power, that Morsel of Delight,
Has always been disgorg'd to Native Right:
The People still for Nature's Laws remain,
Their Liberties at all Extrems maintain:
Blood calls for Blood, Tyrants themselves overthrow,
It ever was, it ever will be so:
Run counter to the Common Course of Things,
And will be Monsters here instead of Kings;
By Nature's scourge, and all the Peoples rod,
And act the *Devil*, to be thought the God:
What can the Nation do, when Mad-men rule,
But set up Justice to correct the Fool?
Empire has always so preserv'd its Fame,
For Liberty and Law are still the same.
He that invested with the Robes of Power,
Thinks 'tis his Right the People to devour,
Will always find some stubborn Fools remain,
That ha' so little Wit, they won't be slain;

But

That

That always turn again when they're oppress'd;
And basely spoil the gay Tyrannick Jest:
Madly take Arms, and with their Masters fight;
And talk of Nature, Laws of God and Right.

Tyrants should always take sufficient care
Of such unhappy People to beware;
For when they've all the Rules of Reason past,
'Tis Ten to One, but these resist at last:
When passive Thousands stretch beneath his Sword,
And freely die at his Imperial Word;
Those wild, unhappy Self-defending Few,
If not destroy'd in time, will ravel all the Clew;
Will all the Engines of Oppression awe,
And trample Power beneath the feet of Law.

It can't be helpt, the Course of Thing is so,
As Fire ascends, and Waters downwards flow:
'Twas always natural for Men oppress'd,
Whene'er Occasion offers to resist;
'Tis not enough to say, They may, 'tis just,
But strong Necessity commands they must:
They're Traytors else to the Entails of Sense,
And Rebels to the Laws of Providence;
'Tis the Supream Command of Heaven, and they
Are always blest in it, that do obey.

So *France* depos'd the *Merovigian* Line,
And banish'd *Childrick* lost the Right Divine:
So holy League their Sacred *Henry* slew,
And call'd a Counsel to erect a New:
So Right Divine must still to Justice bow,
And People first the Right to rule bestow.

Russia *Demetrius* banish'd from the Throne,
And *Portugal* pull'd Young *Alphonsus* down;
And all the Nations that have Forms of State,
Have set up Laws above the Magistrate;
Whene'er the Self-advancing Wretch requir'd,
A Lawless Rule, his Government expir'd.

So let all Governments their Rights withdraw,
When Kings forget their due Regard to Law.

The End of the Eighth B O O K

F U R E D I V I N O :

A

S A T Y R .

The Ninth B O O K.

By the Author of the True-born Englishman.

*Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis.
Numina! — Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 11.*



L O N D O N :

Printed by P. Hills in Black-fryars.

(2)
J U R E D I V I N O :

S A T Y R.

S A T Y R, the Line of Princes next survey,
And see from whence they Rule, or we Obey
View the strong Intercession of the Race,
And the Divinest Title to the Place.

Succession is the vast pretended Claim:
Expose the Cheat, how impotent, how lame,
How ill it will support the Right Divine,
And how far back the oldest Claim by Line.

If in their Line the Sacred Title lies,
Whene'er that Line's decay'd, that Title dies:
But if Possession supercedes the Line,
And King, *Qua*. King, enjoys the Right Divine;
Then all Succession's fled from Majesty,
And Usurpation's as Divine as he.

De Facto, is, *de Jure*, and a Crown,
To every Man that has it, is his own.

Reason's bewildred in the Nice dispute,
And Argument can make but little out:
Imagination suffocates and dies,
Choak'd with the Mist of Inconsistencies.
The Right of Families must all be meant,
Not of Possession only, but Descent:
And all our Royal Lines are so decay'd,
By Bastardy and Blood precarious made;
That no Successions can their Title clear,
To make a Crown's Divinity appear.
For how can that descent be call'd Divine,
Where Whores and Bastards interrupt the Line?

He

Heaven had no other Hand in this Affair,
 Than to permit it, as he did the War;
 And so we may the Hand of Heaven apply,
 To all the blackest parts of Villany:
 Murthers and Rapes in this abstracted Sense,
 And all the stated Works of Providence.
 The shouting Troops their Vict'ries now proclaim,
 And load their Chiefs with Royalty and Fame:
 The Garland of their Triumphs was their Crown,
 Mob set them up, and Rabble pull'd them down:
 Fighting was all the Merit Man could bring,
 The Bloodiest Wretch appear'd the bravest King.
 To Arts of Rule they did not much pretend,
 He best cou'd rule them, cou'd them best defend:
 Nor did his Kingship any longer last,
 Than till by some more powerful Rogue displac't:
 Conduct of Courts, and King-Craft was unknown,
 The Sword and Scepter then was all but one.
 And thus began the Royal Saxon Line,
 A Robbery and Blood they fixt the Right Divine;
 The Sword possest the banish'd Britain's Right,
 The Sword that vanquish'd Innocence in Flight:
 Ingratitude and Theft the Crown obtain'd,
 Further'd the Owners, and possest their Land;
 Ifsild their Masters they came here to guard,
 And took their Lives and Fortunes for Reward:
 At Pleasure subdivide the British Crown,
 And form Eight Soldiers Kingdoms out of one.
 These are the worthy Ancestors we own,
 And by their Names we covet to be known;
 For Names alone by long descent remain'd,
 The Race and manners with the Right remain'd;
 Pride and Ingratitude, by Birth and Blood,
 Us, their motly Off-spring's understood;
 Like them we're fierce, and greedy of the Prey,
 And apter to rebel, than to obey:
 Like them, we're forward to assist our Friends,
 But keep a due respect to private Ends.

And if we chance our Neighbour's Rights to save,
 We'll ne'er be paid with less than all they have;
 Our Ancestors obtain'd the Kingdom thus,
 And left the ill-got Recompence to us:
 The very Lands we all along enjoy'd,
 They Ravish'd from the People they destroy'd:
 We are the blest Posterity of those,
 Who robb'd their Friends, for beating first their Foes
 The happy Children, by the Proverb blest,
 That all our Fathers ill-got Wealth possess;
 By true descent, and old inherent Merit,
 The Curse and Treasure should alike inherit:
 From them our large Possessions we enjoy;
 In them the inn'cent Owners we destroy;
 Their Native Off-spring, Heirs by Right and Law,
 We still keep out, keep under, and in awe,
 Thus all our Fathers Villanies we Crown,
 Approve their Crimes, and make them all our own.
 From these we strive to date our Royal Line,
 And these must help us to a Right Divine:
 Religion's brought to fix the fancy'd Right.
 From Actions buried in eternal Night;
 Actions we ought to blush for, when they're nam'd,
 By Blood, by Rapes, and Robberies proclaim'd;
 Religion's always on the strongest side;
 When Monarchs go on foot, the Priests shall ride.
 If, for Religion shoud be just, they'd go,
 Back to first time, and Saxon Kingdoms show;
 They'll find them built on Violence and Blood,
 And on the same Foundations always stood;
 Upheld by Rapine, Wrong, and Lust of Power,
 The stronger does the weaker Right devour,
 And all the long Pretences of Descent,
 Are Shams of Right, to prop up Government:
 'Tis all Invasion, Usurpation all;
 The strongest Powers get up, the weakest fall:
 The mighty Politicks of Men in Power,
 Always thought fit the weakest to devour;

Oppress

Oppression sanctify'd by Power and Time,
 He varnish'd o'er the Vile, with the Sublime;
 As if the Length of Time th' Oppression clears,
 And ancient Villany's refin'd by years.

If long Possession certain Right intails,
 Go search the wilder *Mounsaneers of Wales*;
 Their's the bold Off-spring of that vigorous Race;
 Theirs was the Crown, and we usurpt the Place:
 No Forfeiture, no Abdication made,
 At first insulted, and at last betray'd.

If Sacred Civil Right must be maintain'd,
 Theirs was the Government, for their's the Land.
 No Grant conceded Right, or Crown convey'd,
 They ne'er were Conquer'd, for they ne'er obey'd:
 Contending Nations can't be said to quit,
 They're never conquer'd if they don't submit:
 The Britains, to the last, their Claim pursu'd,
 And ne'er were Subjects, tho' they were subdu'd:
 Their dear-bought Freedom to the last maintain'd,
 Tho' little but their Liberty remain'd:
 And if the Sacred Section of a Crown,
 Was ever theirs, it still must be their own.

But Conquest now the *British* Throne laid waste,
 And new usurping Kings succeed the past:
 Continu'd Violence they handed down,
 The thirst of Blood continu'd with the Crown:
 Resolv'd to Govern all they could subdue,
 And on the conquer'd Kingdoms build a new:
 Their Generals crown'd, are Kings in our Record,
 And hew'd out Titles by the raging Sword.

But as the Work was first in Hell contriv'd,
 Like Works that Heaven disowns, it scarce out-liv'd
 The hated Birth: The wild abortive dy'd,
 And Justice all the power of Men defy'd:
 The Kingdoms which by Force were thus begun,
 Submit to Fate, and are by Force undone:
 The short-liv'd Monarch, short-liv'd Peace enjoy'd,
 And what the Sword has rais'd, the Sword destroy'd:

Usurpt

Usurpt Dominion for themselves they built,
Floating upon the the Seas of Blood they spilt.

But when the banish'd *Britains* were subdu'd,
Like Beasts they one another then pursu'd;
Ambition, Pride, and Lust of Rule prevail'd,
Force set them up, and Force their Fate intail'd,
For Crime has always this Felicity,
Its Nature is to make Men disagree:
And violence and Pride are understood,
They all commence in Strife, and end in Blood.

The form'd Division now appear'd in vain,
Now they fall out for want of room to Reign:
The first Invasion was the Breach of Trust;
This as unnatural as that unjust:
The *British* Blood reproach'd their Perjur'd Vow;
Wealth made them fight before, Dominion now:
Greedy their Masters Fortunes to divide;
Before 'twas Covetousness, and now 'tis Pride;
Yet something more may for the first be said,
For now they fight for Rule, before for Bread:
Envy debauch'd the sub-divided Crown,
And what the Sword set up, the Sword pull'd down:
Perpetual Wars the petty Kings maintain,
And strive for envied Monarchies in vain;
Blood touches Blood, and Nature can't restrain.
Resolv'd to fix the long disputed Crown,
Each Man designs to have it all his own.
Ambition freely lets weak Title fall,
And all Men boldly fight to have it all:
Ages of Blood, th' intestine Brangles last,
And on each other's Head revenge the Treacherie

(past

Thus they the injur'd *Britains* Ghosts appease;
Those fell by Foreign War, by Civil these.

Conquest at last, gave all the Nations rest;
When one great Thief, his Fellows dispossest.
The Eight usurpt Dominions stoop'd to one,
For Villains often end as they begun:

The

They who the barbarous Conquest first pursu'd,
 And Britain's Rightful Lords by force subdu'd;
 Who robb'd their Masters of their Native Right,
 To Robbery and Conquest now submit:

The Western Angles triumph in their Blood,
 And Britain's silver Screams flow in a Crimson Flood:

Slaughter and Tyranny dethrone their Power,
 And Men o' th' Sword, the Men o' th' Sword devour.

Rapine and Murder first proclaim'd their King,

Rapine and Murder their destruction bring.

Nor was this less of Tyranny and Lust,

Tho' Heaven directs, the Actors are unjust:

For tho' the Vengeance has its Righteous end,

Yet he that executes it, may offend:

And Heaven thinks fit his Justice to exalt,

To mingle sometimes Punishment and Fault:

Crimes punish Crimes, and they that first offend,

In other Mens Offences meet their End:

Actions of Men, whate'er they mean, obey

The Sovereign Dictates of the Heavenly Eye.

He that in Mischief feeds his viler Gust,

Th' Heavens design's fulfill'd, the Man's unjust:

So Tyrants often Tyrants may surpress,

Justice Triumphs, but still the Crime's no less.

When Saxon Kings, with Saxon Kings contend,

They had the Crime in view, Heaven had a juster end:

They for Ambition, Lust and Power invade,

And one another, as of old betray'd:

But Righteous Providence directs the Fight,

To do the injur'd Memory of Britain Right.

Thus from the *Jus Divinum* of the Sword,

The English Crown obey'd an English Lord:

The mighty Egbert, strong in Arms and Law,

The suppliant Kings in humble Posture saw,

And all their Crowns and Scepters kept in awe.

Egbert's the farthest back our thoughts can go;

No matter whether he's Divine or no:

Royal in Power, whate'er he was by Line,
 And no Man then disputes the Right Divine.
 Grant his inherent Claim, allow the Jest,
 Pass the *Enigma*, and suppose the rest.
 He was the first reduc'd the *English* Throne
 And pick'd up all the Fragments of the Crown,
 Only, because he had it, call'd his own.
 A Rapsody of Kings, like him Divine,
 As void of Right, as Right is void of Line.
 Succeed the King subduing Wretch of Course,
 By Blood, by Fraud, or by a way that's worse.
 Possession always pass for Right, and he,
 that had most Power, had most Divinity :
 Progressive Crimes the Sacred Banter Clouds,
 And Force takes homage to the yielding Crouds;
 Regardless of the Race, the Sovereign Cheat,
 Backt with the Sword usurps, and Crowns to Power
 (submit :

For *Edgar* was his Father's younger Son,
 And crown'd his Elder Brother, humbly looking on :
 The Passive Primo-genial Thing submits,
 And Right Divine at Power's Foot-stool sits.

The Saxon Sword, the Saxon Monarchs flew;
England forgets the Old, and crown'd the new :
 Fate jumbled Right among the Crowds of Power,
 Just so the *Britains* felt their Force before :
 Why was it he the *English* Crown posselt,
 Because his Conqu'ring Power subdu'd the rest :
 And had the weakest of those Kings rebell'd,
 And *Egbert's* growing Vict'ries but repell'd ;
 The meanest Slave in right of Victory,
 Had been as Sacred Lawful King as he :
 The strongest King, the weaker's Crown posselt,
 Conquest was always Law, Descent's a Jest.

10 JA 60

The End of the Ninth BOOK

FURE DIVINO:

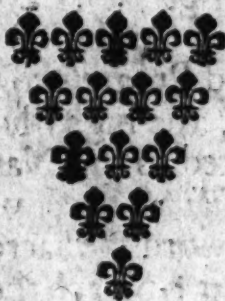
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7 U R E ^{BRITISH} D I V I N O :



S A T Y R.

S A T Y R the *Saxon* Tyranny display,
 A meer Original of Monarchy;
 Their Governments indeed submit to Laws,
 Order's the Effect, as Nature is the Cause:
 Something may in Possession seem Divine,
 But all's Confusion in the Embarrass-Line:
 The Claim of Blood and Familys laid by,
 And all's resolv'd to Force and Victory:
 Succession's due to Power, by Power procur'd,
 The Rights engrav'd on the Triumphant Sword.
 He that through Seas of Rivals Ploughs his way,
 And makes the conquer'd Multitude obey:
 That stamps his Terrors on the impregnate Mind,
 And all the black Impression leaves behind;
 The Rocks of strong Ambition can cut down,
 And force his envied Progress to the Crown:
 That's the Divine, the high illustrious thing,
 That joyns the Sacred to this Name of King.
 Thus *Egbert* English Monarchy began,
 By his Almighty Sword the Sacred Man;
 And who was *Egbert*? Search the mighty Breed;
 What Sacred Ancestors did he succeed?
 What mighty Princes form'd his Sacred Line,
 And handed down to him the Right Divine:
 A *Saxon* Soldier was his high Descent,
 Murder his Business, Plunder his intent;
 The poor unvalued despicable thing,
 A Thief by Nation, and by Fate a King;

A High-Dutch Trooper, sent abroad to fight,
Whose Trade was Blood, and his Arm his Right:

A supernumerary *Holstineer*,
For want of Room at home, sent out to War;

A meer *Swiss* Mercenary, who for Bread,
Was born on purpose to be knockt o'th Head.

Their Country seem'd to multiply in vain,
Produc'd more People than it could maintain:

And forc'd the growing Multitude abroad,
As Bees send out the Swarm to seek for Food,

To live by Devastation, Theft and Blood.

Among this wild exotick Race was found,
A fighting Wretch, by Brother Vagrants crown'd.

A glorious Vagabond whom Heaven had stor'd,
With Front as harden'd as his temper'd Sword;

Fitted for Blood and Cruelty by Race,
A Tyrant both by Family and Face;

His Ancestors his Glory much inance,
Traytor by direct Inheritance:

Magnipotent in Arms, in Right too weak,
His Sword was all the Claim he had could speak:

Crown'd with the Marks of Perjury and Blood,
Crown'd with the Trophies of Ingratitude:

Crime which to this Day, infects the Place,
The general Stigma of the Motly Race.

See the Divine Original of Kings,
And see how time makes Sport with temporal things:

To day the Monarch glories in his Crown,
To morrow Thieves and Mob possess his Throne,

And call his fancied Right Divine their own.

In the next Age the rightful Lord's forgot,
And Rampant Treason triumphs on the Spot:

Success gives Title, makes Possession just,
And if the Fates obey, the Subjects must;

For if 'tis Right and Wrong that's in Debate,
The Welsh-Men have the Right, the rest's a Cheat:

'Tis all by Fraud and Force that we possess,
And length of time can make no Crime the less.

Where then's the lofty Pedigree of Kings;
 The longest Sword the longest Scepter brings;
 The Royal Genealogy comes down,
 And from the Sword advances to the Crown:
 The Right of Conquest's all our Right Divine,
 And while the Line can keep it, keeps the Line;
 But if a stronger can possess the Place,
 The Right has never fail'd to change the Race.

Satyr, the strange Confusions of the Crown
 Omit, till *Edgar* claims it for his own:
 No Line of Kings, no Order, Blood or Law,
 Can any help to *Jus Divinum* draw:
 Death, Force, and intersecting Lines obey,
 The Voice of Fate, and Right of Blood destroy.

Then *Edgar* rul'd, let's view his Jest of Right,
 It hardly liv'd a Day beyond its Night:
 He gain'd the just assistance of the Laws,
 Crown'd by the Nation's Suffrage and Applause;
 To him the electing Justice gave the Crown,
 And willing People consecrate his Throne;
 And yet his short-liv'd Race possess no more,
 Nor could his Sacred Right convey his Power:
 Murther dissolv'd the Line, what Right can stand,
 Where Men by Force obey, by Force command;
 For as by Blood, the little Right he had,
 Entail'd the Crown on Sacred *Edward's* Head;
 The knife instead of Diadem he found,
 And *Alfred* cut his Throat before he could be crown'd.

Then *Ethelred* set up to heal the Line,
 And on his Murther grounds his Right Divine;
 And his Divine Succession to secure,
 Legitimizes the Off-spring of his Whore;
 Was ever Race so sanctify'd before!
Edmund the Bastard snatcht the hasty Crown,
 With haste set up, and was with haste pull'd down:
 The Hand of Blood usurpt Dominion flew,
 And Murther thus by Murther they pursue.

Edward the Holy then commands this Isle,
 Better deserv'd the Kingdom than the Stile;
 His Brother's Blood secur'd his Sacred Reign,
 And Fratricide was all his Right Divine;
 Murther had now extinguish'd all the Race,
 And *Britain* found no Tyrant for the Place.
 Vast Intersections now beset the Race,
 And daily Usurpations fill'd the Sacred Place:
 Succession had such very small Regard,
 And such vast *Chasms* in the Lines appear'd;
 'Tis hard to say what Royal Blood remain'd,
 In all the *Saxon* Families that reign'd.

The Mock Succession *Edward* now declares,
 To Bastard *Edmund's* Sons for want of Heirs;
 The first of these prevented by his End,
 The Crowns to his Posterity descend;
 And spurious Blood the *English* Throne supplies,
 With long successive Rolls of Tyrannies.

Edgar obtains the honest Name of Fool,
 And spight of Blood was thought unfit to Rule;
 And Right Divine was so despis'd a Thing,
 The Crown went out a begging for a King.
 Ill sped the first unhappy Suit it made,
 To Bastards, Men of Blood and Lust betray'd;
 Of foreign breed, of unrelated Race,
 Whore in his Scutcheon, Tyrant in his Face:
 A spurious Birth of intermingl'd Blood;
 Neither our Laws or Language understood,
 But foreign to the Nation, and the Line,
 Upon his Sword engrav'd the Right Divine.

Of all the Nations in the World there's none,
 Have less of true Succession in their Crown.
 We should be last of all that should pretend,
 The long descent of Princes to defend;
 Since if Hereditary Right's the Claim,
 The *English* Crown has Forty times been lame:
 The Crown was like the People, always mixt,
 Seldom was well bestow'd, and never fixt.

The

The Second *Henry* fights, and fighting treats,
 To own that Prince's Title he defeats;
 Consents to mean Conclusions of the War,
 In base Adoption stoops to be a Tyrant's Heir;
 Accepts the Ignominious Grant, and shows,
 His Right's as bad as *Stephen's* that bestows:
 The High-state Jugglers thus divide the Prey,
 And weeping Crowds, Usurpers still obey:
 The Native Right oppress'd, the Oppressors reign,
 And Violence, by Violence maintain;
 For all this while the high Successive Right,
 For which pretending *Henry's* Armies fight:
 In his surviving Mother *Maud* remain'd,
 And as he conquer'd, she by Right had Reign'd;
 But high Ambition checkt the Claim of Blood,
 And as his Power obtain'd, his Claim was good;
 Possession gave, Possession held the Crown,
 And weak conceding *Maud*, her Right laid down.

John, the Third Branch of *Henry's* falling Line,
 His elder Brother's Son alive shall Reign:
Arthur the *Just Divinum* had, a thing,
 That contributed little to the King;
 Uncrown'd, his Royal Title he lays down,
 And *English* Lords the strong Usurper own;
 Nor own'd his Power, only but his Right,
 They crown'd the Sons, that with the Father fight:
Henry, the Infant Off-spring of that Blood,
 Who had their Rights and Liberties withstood;
 To him their voluntary homage pay,
 The Right of Choice, and not of Line obey;
 For *Arthur's* Sister *Elenor* remain'd,
 And by the *Just Divinum* should have Reign'd;
 Hers was the primo-genial Right of Blood,
 But Right without Possession's seldom understood.

Kneel Satyr, and again due Homage pay,
 To mighty Justice, view the awful way
 He treads, his swift returning Methods trace,
 And see the Vengeance finish'd in the Race:

The Ancestor in steps of Blood began,
 And his Successor shuns his Fate in vain :
 Murther pursues, Vengeance was Heaven's Design,
 As Blood rais'd up, Blood should pull down the Line.

Edward upon his Father's Ruin stood,
 And *Richard* paid the Royal Debt in Blood :
 Depos'd and Murther'd *Edward* the Father lies ;
 Depos'd and Murthered *Rich'd* the Grandson dies ;
 Swift Justice but to one Remove adjourn'd,
 The Crown, and all their Trophies overturn'd :
Lancastrian Henry tore it from his Head,
 And swift as Fate the Debt of Justice paid :

For of Four Kings that by Succession reign'd,
 With Conquest all, and Usurpation stain'd ;
 Tho' all possess the Crown, and rul'd in Course,
 They'd no more Right, by Blood, than *Alexander's Horse*.

Henry, that in his Mother's Right made Claim,
 And bore the very Title in his Name ;
 Possess the Right, his Mother yet alive,
 And let the Heir at Law the Right survive.

John without Line, or due pretence of Blood,
 His Elder Brother's Son with Arms withstood ;
 Possess by Force, and by his Sword maintain'd,
 And Power entail'd the Usurpation gain'd ;
 But Fate, that late in Vengeance keeps the Roll,
 Of secret Crimes, reserv'd the fatal Scowl ;
 Reserv'd the long unballanc'd Book of Right,
 And brought forgotten Injuries to Light ;
 The Leaves of retribution were turn'd o'er,
 And days of violence submit to Power :
 Usurpers by Usurpers are pull'd down,
 And Tyrants make a Foot-ball of the Crown ;
 The Men of blood, with Men of blood contend,
 And days of Crime in Nights of Justice end.

'Twas Usurpation *Henry's* right bestows,
 The English Crown two *Jus Divinum* knows,
 And long successive Kings adorn the Northern Rose.

Three *Henry*s by a due Succession reign;
 And *York* demands the right of Line in vain;
 In vain they claim'd, till *Edward*'s harden'd Sword,
 The right of blood, by right of power restor'd.
 Thro' Seas of Slaughter, and a delug'd Throne,
Edward, not went, but waded to the Crown:
 Three times depos'd, three times restor'd in course;
 Too Pious *Henry*'s Title yields to force.

Short liv'd the right the conquering Prince enjoy'd,
 Treason and Blood his new crown'd *Race* destroy'd;
 As if the Hand of Murther had pursu'd
 The very Crown, and fated it with Blood;
 Not Innocence, not Youth and Right could stay,
 Ambition bent to rule, and not obey:
Richard, with Lust of Government allur'd,
 By doubl'd Murthers first the Crown procur'd;
 Usurp'd the Power, and kept it by the Sword,
 Not but by Blood and Force to be restor'd:
Henry th' usurping Murtherer dethron'd;
Richard's cut down, and so the Victor's Crown'd:
 In vain the new assuming Monarch strives,
 To find some other Title than his Wives;
 In vain he fancies his Superior Right,
 'Twas born in Battel, and confirm'd in Fight;
 'Twas *Bosworth* Field, his weaker Claim restor'd,
 and grav'd his ancient Title on his Sword.

Thus Heaven due Vengeance on Ambition shows;
 One Ravish'd Crown, another overthrows:
 The Tyrant that usurps, enjoys a Crown,
 Till Brother Tyrant, Brother King pulls down:
 Succeeding Robberies revenge the past,
 And every Age of Crime out-does the last.

10 JA 60

The End of the Tenth B O O K.

FURE DIVINO;

A

SATYR.

The Eleventh BOOK.

By the Author of the True-Born Englishman.

*Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis.
Numina! — Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 15.*



L O N D O N:

Printed by P. Hills, in Black-Fryars.

JURE DIVINO:



SATYR.

SATYR, from Fact, to Consequence descend,
 Just Princes and Just Governments defend;
 Where Kings and People with a joint Assent,
 Move in the grand Machine of Government:
 In proper Sphere, respective parts perform,
 And General Goods to both the General charm:
 There Peace and Property go hand in hand,
 These freely Bow, and gently those Command.
 Princes and People joyn in publick Peace,
 Both seek and understand their Happinels:
 Those softly guide, these chearful Homage pay;
 Those Rule by Law. and these by Choice obey:
 Commence the Parts of Rule in just Consent,
 And joyntly drive the Wain of Government:
 In gentle Yoke of due Subservience draw,
 People to Monarchs, Monarchs to the Law;
 In spight of Blood, Possession, or of Line,
 These are the Governments that are Divine.
 Nature and Reason in their Frame Concur,
 Nature and Reason always must procure,
 Just Government, and just extent of Power.
 Impartial *Satyr*, challenge all Mankind,
 And leave the just Remark, for Ages yet behind:
 Corruption has so tainted all the Race;
 So hood-wink't Reason's bright and beauteous Face;
 Such foul false Schemes of Government has laid:
 That all the World to Slavery has betray'd:

The general Bondage seems at first to come,
From ancient Blood, and looks like Nature too in some.

There's not a Nation truly Free but this;

Britannia does the Maiden Gift possess;
No Government on Earth can truly boast,
Of Liberty so fix'd, at so much Cost;
So dearly bought, so eagerly embrac'd;
So well maintain'd, or half so like to last.

The *English* Empire, vast in its Extent,
And squar'd by Native Rules of Government:

The only Free-born Remnant of Mankind,
That have their Birth-right, lately too, regain'd,
And vigorously that valued Right maintain'd. }

Here the unspotted Virgin of the Law,
Prescribes the Prince, and does the People awe:

The steady hand of chosen Magistrate,
Gently, and very gently guides the State:
Subservience stated by unquestion'd Power,
Can neither these oppress, nor those devour;
But settl'd Bounds of every part directs,
And every part, by every part protects.

If Monarchs here mistake their pointed way,
The Subjects would offend if they obey;
If Subjects here, can Justice but pretend,
They all may disobey, and not offend;

Law stands the mighty Land-mark to decide,
And Space between Offence and Power divide;
That Monarchy may not be made a Jest,

Nor Subjects in their rightful Claim oppress.

No Polish Monarch bears the Sword in vain,

Nor Gallick Slaves of Tyranny complain;

Anarchial Crowds no Princes keep in awe,

Nor Sovereigns here declare their Will's their Law:

Reason directs Mankind by stated Rules,

And none submit to lawless Power but Fools.

How happy were it for this wrangling Land,
Could we our true Enjoyments understand.

Of all the Nations in the World, how blest;
 How much in this, distinguish'd from the rest,
 Is *Britain*, where the Law's supremely high,
 And Majesty agrees with Property;
 With equal Motion, and united Ends,
 Peace courts the Crown, and Peace the Crown defends
 Here only Kings are happy, and the Throne,
 Protects the Subjects, but can injure none:
 And Power in equal Portions is so shar'd,
 That all's for Harmony and Peace prepar'd.

No single Branch can of it self subsist,
 Nor none be spar'd, but 'twill by all be mist:
 Justice like Veins of Life about the Heart,
 Flows from the Center into every part;
 The quick'ning Influence due Strength conveys,
 And all the vig'rous Parts of Life supplies:
 The wholesome Nourishment of Truth remains,
 And Government the Nation's Health maintains.

Here Power from true Originals derives,
 But never that Original survives;
 The Ocean of Authority remains,
 And on a chang'd Recess the Stream maintains;
 No accident can Government destroy,
 Immortal Springs of Power we must enjoy,
 Because the Circulation's so correct,
 The Center makes the Circles all exact.

Kings here with Conduct guide the willing Land,
 Council'd by all the People they command:
 How can they make mistakes in Government,
 Who rule a Nation by their own Consent;
 Concurring Representatives attend,
 Like grand Physicians, all Defects to mend;
 The Nation's Doctors, all her Grievs to cure,
 With Skill infallible, and Medicine sure;
 Their Wisdom's such, they never misapply,
 And such their Art, their Patients never die:
 The Constitution they compleatly know,
 And while they live, we're all immortal too:

If e'er they discontinue their Advice,
 The Nation sickens, and Distempers rise;
 Malignant Fevers boil the People's Blood,
 And noxious Fumes flow from the stagnate flood;
 The Appoplectick Fit affects the Head,
 And Constitution for the time lies dead;
 And if the proper means are not apply'd,
 Strong Calentures the strings of Life divide;
 There's no Exotick Med'cine can be had,
 The People rave, and all the Nation's mad;
 And nothing can the coming Plague prevent,
 But that which first restores the Parliament.

Here the Life-Blood of Constitution lies,
 If that's let out, the Constitution dies;
 From hence the vig'rous warmth they can impart,
 The King may be the Head, but here's the Heart;
 If this strong Fountain should but cease to flow,
 The Head would quickly fail, and all the Members too.

This is the Nations Life in Minature,
 And works the Nation's Safety to procure;
 The proper Pulse of Life in them remain,
 The vital Circulation to maintain;
 The Seat of Vigour, all the Nation's Soul,
 And nothing hurts them, but affects the whole.

Their just Concern to every part extends,
 And every part that just Concern defends;
 Our own Well-being is the end of theirs,
 And their Well-being should engross our Cares.
 While they're in danger, no Man is secure,
 And if they're safe, we have no room to fear:
 He that insults them, bullies all the Land,
 And all Men may the Violence withstand;
 No Powers on Earth their juster Right surmount,
 They call the highest Subject to account;
 They are the weighty Ballance of the Crown,
 Support its Right, when they maintain their own;
 The Bulwark of the Subjects Liberty,
 And Glory of the Crown's the Nations Joy.

And

And Kings that govern without just Consent,
Are no more Kings, but Thieves of Government;
When Kings their Crowns without Consent obtain,
'Tis all a mighty Rape, and not a Reign.

Nation's are ravish'd, and the Right's suppress'd,
And all's a guilded Tyranny at best;
'Tis not the show of Justice will excuse,
He can't be just, whom People first refuse:
He that a Murderer will execute,
But has himself no Legal Right to do't,
Tho' 'tis without debate the Man should die,
This Man's a Murderer as much as he.

But when a Monarch fills the *English* Throne,
By Right, and *Englishmen's* Consent, his own;
The great Subjective Article concurs,
To make him all Mens King as well as ours:
Concurrent Parliament supports his Throne,
His Power's as much their Safety as his own;
The high Seraphick Union is so clear,
The Motions so exact and regular;
No Aid the mutual Force of Parts can want,
Nor either Branch, can either Branch supplant;
The Harmony of National Consent,
Makes all be Musick in a Government.

When they concur the Government's in tune,
And if they jar, the mighty Consort's done;
This can no more the grand Design maintain,
And that attempts the wondrous Work in vain;
The King's the moving Spring of Government,
Back'd with their well assembl'd strong Consent:
Kings so supported, raise their Glory more,
Than all the Pomp of Tyrants did before,
The vast united Stream of Powers too great,
For Casualty to blast, or Crime defeat.

When Kings contrive to make the People safe,
And Freedom with Prerogative goes safe,
The mutual Sympathetick Parallel,
Makes Kings and People both Invincible;

Divine

Divine the Doctrine, and Divinely spoke,
 And thus the Queen the vile Contrivance broke;
 Struck as when *Satan* from his Glory fell,
 And Conscious Terrors made the Sympathetick Hell;
 Transfixt, as when with Thunder from on high,
 The *Titans* fell like Lightning from the Sky:
 Th' astonish'd Furies from her Throne withdrew,
 To back their baffl'd Stratagems with new;
 In close Cabal th' invenom'd Parties meet,
 The Queen's sublime Intentions to defeat;
 The wild Proposals dash'd by Wisdom fail,
 And all conclude in nothing but to Rail:
 The Froth of Envy! Vain ungendring Cloud,
 To heat the Minds of Fools, and mov'd the Crowd;
 By the Wise Queen, with steadiness defy'd,
 And justly scorn'd by all Mankind beside;
 At this one Blow, the mighty Sociates fell,
 And Envy sunk beneath her Native Hell:
 Tyrannick Hopes, from Furious Counsels fled,
 And all th' abortive Projects Thunder-struck and dead;
 Lasted, as when great *William* first came o'er,
 And Fears of Justice scatter'd them before.
 Had but *Britannia* interpos'd her Frown,
 He'd then secur'd the too much envy'd Crown;
 Had she but mov'd the Hero's juster Hand,
 To that true Vengeance Treason did demand:
 Had he that Retribution but prepar'd,
 Which all the trembling Party justly fear'd,
 When, trembling, they his very Shadow fled,
 And as they spoke his Name, betray'd their Dread:
 When Guilt gave Wings to fly, tho' none pursu'd,
 And flagrant Crimes had arm'd the Multitude.
 ANN undisturb'd had fill'd *Britannia's* Throne,
 And Calms of Peace adorn'd the *English* Crown;
 The undivided Church, unenvied State,
 Had joyn'd with Power to make the Nation Great;
 Faction had slept, and Party-Struggles dy'd,
 And Strife had sunk beneath the Weight of Pride.

But too much Mercy was his darling Sin,
 A Snare without, and 'twas a Grace within;
 The God-like Vertue was indeed sublime,
 But ill extended sunk into a Crime.
 The Seeds of vile Ingratitude revive,
 And with the Party keep the Crimes alive;
 Assault the Queen, her early Power abuse,
 And all the terms of healing Peace refuse;
 Press her to Powers illegal Exercise,
 Till they provoke her Justice to despise:
 The Royal Patience to Resentment mov'd,
 To Britain's Safety their Attempts improv'd;
 And now grown impotent with Rage, they Rail,
 A certain Proof their Expectations fail:
 And their Excess grows high, their Cause grows worse,
 And *Shimei* like, go backward as they curse:
 All Passions tend to Lunacy and Rage,
 For Anger's Madness, only wants its Age:
 Their Disappointments plainly now increase,
 For as their Heats grow great, their Power grows less:
 So may they rail, till Nature's Stock mispent,
 They stoop for want of Power to *Ann's* just Government
 The Queen to Law and Constitution Just,
 Preserves her Honour with the Nation's Trust,
 And while that Honour's safe, the Nation's must.
 The just Connection forms their happiness,
 The Monarch's Glory, and the People's Peace,
 No Arbitrary Rule's secure like this:
 Here lies the *Jus Divinum* of the Crown,
 No Humane Power can such a Power pull down;
 The Monarch rules their Hearts by their own Choice.
 And loud concurring Heaven subjoyns its Sacred Voice
 Such Princes Rule by real *Right Divine*,
 Whether their Crowns devolve by Power or Line;
 Merit the Stile of Sacred from on High,
 For Justice only crowns with Majesty.

10 JA 60

 The End of the Eleventh BOOK.

7 U R E D I V I N O :

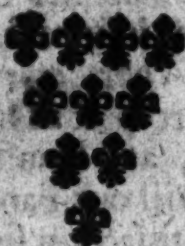
A

SATYR.

The Twelfth B O O K.

By the Author of the True-born Englishman.

*O Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis.
Numina! — Juv. Sat. 19. lin. 11.*



L O N D O N :

Printed by P. Hills in Black-fryars.

FOR E DIVINO:

S A T Y R.

S Atyr lay down thy Arms, some Truce proclaim;
And draw a Curtain over latent Crime;
Close the vast Scene with Smiles, and let us see,
Thy Zeal for Vertue cloath'd with Majesty:
Trophies of just Dominion let us raise,
And turn out pointed Darts to Hymns of Praise:
What tho' thy sower'd Genius was provok'd,
With flagrant Vice, in Robes of Glory cloak'd,
Britannia now with long wish'd Freedom shines,
And Songs of Liberty employ our Lines.

The Balance here in equal Hands remains,
The Law its due superior Right retains,
By this the Subjects serve, the Monarch reigns.

Well may *Britannia* date her Life from hence,
The high colateral Joy inspires her Sense,
Conveys new Youth to her determin'd Years,
And supercedes the Prospect of her Fears.

From Songs of Joy, and Constitution Praise,
By just Degrees Fate will our Fancies raise;
First our establish'd Satisfaction sing,
And then our Tribute to its Fountain bring;
Describe the Sons of Liberty and Fame,
And let the Character out-shine the Name.

Long had *Britannia* mourn'd her *William's* Fate;
Despair prevail'd; she saw her tott'ring State,
In weak ungovern'd Hands expos'd, her Queen
Betray'd, and sold to Mischiefs unforeseen:

Her

Her States-men mask'd, with double Front appear,
 Swift to involve, but slow to end the War.
 With costly Stakes they play the losing Game,
 Smile at Disaster, and are pleas'd with Shame;
 Sleeping unstartled at *Britannia's* Fate,
 And laugh at all the Dangers of the State.

Surpriz'd ! the mighty Genius rose, and flew
 Up to that Throne, from which her William just withdrew;
 There *Ann* the Glorious his blest'd Scepter sways,
 And rich in Vertue, *Britain's* Land obeys;
 To her *Britannia*, flush'd with Joy repairs,
 And whispers needful Safety in her Ears;
 Bless'd her with Caution, and discerning Light,
 And plac'd her railing Hypocrites in fight;
 Stripp'd of pretence, the Party she expos'd,
 Just told their Fate, and then the mighty Roll she clos'd
 With Satisfaction, and a Smile withdrew,
 And Fate assists her Precepts to pursue.

The Queen with Life, and new resolves inspir'd,
 Severe.—as Party-Treachery appears,
 Just—as the vile Offence deserv'd appears,
 And Bald—, for Guilt alone submits to Fears;
 The snarling awkward Hypocrites pull'd down,
 And by their speedy Fall, secur'd her Crown;
 Startled they fell, dispirited and dull,
 In Council empty, as in Mischief full;
 Raving, new Vengeance for themselves prepare,
 And Tokens of Distraction on their Heads appear;
 But Fools, by Nature's Law, are left to die
 Without the soft Relief of Lunacy.

Britannia prompts, the mighty Genius guides,
 And *Britain's* Queen for *Britain's* Health provides.

Compass'd with Sages, Wisdom only waits,
 To bless her Councils, and adorn her Gates.

Compass'd with Heroes, Valour draws her Sword,
 And Vict'ry has the *English* Fame restor'd.

Compass'd with wealthy Subjects, she commands
 Their Hearts, their Purse, and by both their Hands.

Wise Counsellors the Prince's Fate secure,
 But 'tis the Prince that makes the Counsellor:
 Then view the admir'd Train, and humbly own
 The pers'nal Glories that surround her Throne:
 These are the Penegyrics of her Reign,
 And these the mighty load of Power sustain;
 By these she softly guides the Reins of State,
 And sanctifies the Name of Magistrate:
 For Truth alone entail's the exalted Line,
 And Justice makes Authority Divine:
 Surrounded thus, no danger can approach,
 She heals contagious Factions with her gentle Touch.
 These her Infallibility create,
 And make the Throne an Oracle of State,
 And he that disobeys, deserves his Fate.

But Satyr, if thou e'er shalt undertake,
 The mighty Task, and ANN's true Picture make;
 With Care thy just Ideas regulate,
 And balance well her Vertue and her State:
 Remember, flattering Words no Glory raise,
 Are useless here, and Truth's her only Praise:
 Describe her Glorious, and surround her Throne
 With Lustre — only by her self out-shone:
 Describe her Rich, but all her Riches show,
 By that vast Fountain, whence her Wealth should flow.
 Her People —

Who their willing Homage pay,
 And press'd in Love, by ev'ry Choice obey:
 Describe her Humble, Merciful and Kind,
 And swell'd in Triumphs, not at all in Mind:
 Then from thy Artless, well-designing Pen,
 Let the just Parallels to Crime be seen,
 And shew the world which makes the Greatest Queen.

Mean time, to her exalted Throne address,
 Where Heroes bow, and Conqu'rors sue for Peace:
 Fame, that to eke out Actions learnt to lye,
 And flatters Men of Crime with Majesty,
 Shall from thy Lines no false Advantage gain,
 Truth makes her Fame, and Liberty her Reign.



TO THE
QUEEN.

MADAM,

THIS Heaven's Decree, th' Almighty Voice,
Has spoke the Word, you always must rejoyce:
Fate, that does Nature's Lottry supervise,
Directs your Hand, you always draw the Prize;
The very disappointments of your Reign,
So Heav'n Commands, and Hell resists in vain,
Revert to Joys, and in your Loss your gain.

From vain Attempts, and a disgrac'd Retreat,
Your flying Troops unlook'd for Conquest meet;
As if your Genius strove to let them know
What they your Fates, not their own Conquest owe.

Cadiz repels your Troops, that they may fly
To *Vigo* Spoils, and Golden Victory:

And *Gibraltar* your rising Glory greets;
And calls to Conquest your too passive Fleets.

The waning Glory of the *Algarvian* War,
Unworthy *Charles's* Fortune, or your Care,
Weakens your Hands, that you may stronger grow,
And to a nobler Nation's Conquest go:

Castilian Mountains, distant and remote,
Too cold their Temper, as their Clime too hot;
Repulse their Arms to their own Country's Shame,
That *Catalinian* Coasts may raise your Fame,
And *Charles* retreating, in your Fate secure,
In Disappointment makes his Conquest sure.

Ruvigni so from *Guiduana* flies,
That *Alcantara* may be made his Prize:

Th

Th' insulting *Spaniards* so contemn his Force,
But with their Victory secur'd the Curse;
Wounded in Flames of just Revenge he'll burn,
And left his Hand a Pledge of his Return.

When *Marlbro'* at the baulk'd *Moselle* repines,
Your Fate repay'd him with the conquer'd Lines:
Vict'ry, that waited on that Son of War,
Adjourn'd is here, that she might yield it there.
Thus, *MADAM*, your Disasters are your Gain,
And they that beat us, conquer but in vain;
Your Glory rises, when you want Success,
And in your Loss, you find your Happiness.

In nearer Circumstances, 'tis the same,
'All things concur to raise your growing Fame;
The very Chagrin, Feud, and Discontent,
That ruin others, fix your Government.
Envy, in spite of all her Snakes, concurs,
And she that Murthers Kingdoms, settles yours.
So Heav'n commands, and so when Heav'n commands,
Hell shall concur, Devils with directed Hands
Shall aid that Crown, that on his Pow'r depends.

When Parties joyn to urge the Nation's Fate,
Tacking their Projects to invade your Throne,
They tack the Nation's Peace, and sink their own;
Their worst Designs, your Glory to invade,
That Glory rais'd, and those Designs betray'd;
By their own Guilt, and your Success struck Dumb,
Chagrin and Heartless, they foresee their Doom;
Silent they stand, in envious Whispers curse,
And as they rise in Rage, decay in Force.

Scotland rejects our Settlement and Crown,
That Two vast Nations may unite in one;
And all the threat'ning Clouds of Northern Night,
Assist to make that Union still more bright;
The Thoughts of *Border-War*, as they encrease,
Serve but to prompt our Wiser Heads to Peace;
And all the Men of Plot, and vast Intrigue,
While they inflame the Nations, press the League.

Envy

Envy, whose feeble Jaws and faltering Tongue,
 Had chew'd the vip'rous Blood of Strife too long;
 Ripen'd for Mischief, from her crazy Bed,
 With tainted Breath, and vile corrupted Head,
 In whining Eloquence, and subtle Phrase,
 And Curses gilded with the Baits of Praise,
 Attempts the wav'ring Nation's to deceive,
 With Arts 'twas fear'd would make th' Elect believe.

But see her Gall for vilest ends defin'd,
 Repuls'd, flows back, and Cankers in her Mind;
 The gross corroded Humour inward draws,
 Eats up the very Vitals of their Cause;
 The vile Harrangues, the Feud they wish'd appeas'd,
 And laid the very Storm they would ha' rais'd:
 Thus they your Peace, tho' they your Peace abhor'd,
 By their own Steps to ruin it, procur'd.

Instructing Miseries make Nations wise,
 Illuminate their Judgments with their Eyes;
 Direct them in the quest of Happiness,
 And tell them boldly all depends on Peace.
 This is the Sanction given to your High Reign,
 Where Heaven thus blesses, Men may curse in vain.

'Tis you that makes your Government Divine,
 The Sacred's in your Vertue, not your Line:
 Your Truth gives awful Homage to your Word,
 And 'tis your Justice sanctifies your Sword;
 Your God-like Pity suits the Crown you wear,
 Like Heaven, your Mercy makes your People fear:
 Force is tyrannick, but 'tis Love perswades:
 And always Conquers, where it once Invades:
 Thus when you quit the Bondage of Command,
 You govern all our Hearts without your Hand.

When Kingdoms thus in Heart, like yours unite;
 No wonder Nations tremble at the Sight:
 Vict'ry must come, the World expects no less,
 Where Two such Bodies joyn'd in one, address;

Such

Such Union, *MADAM*, ne'er was seen before,
And as 'tis strange, must strange Effects procure,
For suited to their Zeal, will be their Power.

When Princes thus their Peoples Prayers Possess,
They very seldom are deny'd Success;
For never Hands with such Assurance fight,
As where they're mov'd by Hearts that first unite;
Such Nations of a double power possess,
With double Hopes of Victory are blest.
What Seas of Blood? What Storms of Party-Strife?
Have brought this long expected Truce to Life;
'Twas Danger *MADAM* made this Peace secure,
The Nation's Sufferings make your Glory sure;
'Till thus alarm'd, how fatally we strove,
Neither by Int'rest govern'd, nor by Love;
We wou'd not all our just Perswasions hear,
'Till we were frighted into Peace by Fear;
Pacifick Eloquence was all in vain,
No Passion can, like that of Fear, restrain.

Thus, *MADAM*, Heaven has long decreed it so,
Your Glory must from your Misfortunes grow:
You fall to rise, your Losses are your Gain,
For Pleasures are illustrated by Pain:
Your Enemies that think they pull you down,
Exalt your Glory, and eclipse their own:
The publick Struggles of our Party-Powers.
Break their own Int'rests and establish yours.

*In all your happy and successful Reign,
Peace rises out of Strife, and Ease from Pain,
And Sampson's Riddle's acted here again.*

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FINIS.